

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE  
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. LIII. No. 1357 [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1923.

Published Weekly, Price ONE SHILLING.  
Subscription Price per annum. Post Free.  
Inland, 65s. Canadian, 60s. Foreign, 80s.

## KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY AND WALTON & LEE THE ESTATE SALE ROOMS, LONDON, W. 1.

### CHESHIRE

Six miles from Nantwich, ten miles from Crewe, and four miles from Beeston and Tarporley;  
in the centre of the Cheshire Hunt.

THE VALUABLE RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY  
known as  
THE HAUGHTON HALL ESTATE



Including the attractive modern Residence, HAUGHTON HALL, containing hall, four reception rooms, billiard room, eighteen bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, complete domestic offices.

Main water supply. Electric light. Garages. Stabling.  
BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS, including chain of lakes, tennis lawn.  
Also seven highly productive DAIRY AND CHEESEMAKING FARMS, varying in area from 112 to 276 acres; numerous superior small holdings, cottages and a licensed house, extending altogether to about

1,533 ACRES.

To be offered for SALE by AUCTION in conjunction with Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS, at Crewe, on Monday, January 29th, 1923, at 2 p.m.  
Solicitors, Messrs. FOWLER, LEGG & YOUNG, 13, Bedford Row, W.C. 1.  
Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. 1; and Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS, 37, South Audley Street, W. 1.

### SUFFOLK AND ESSEX BORDERS

Near station, within easy distance of Newmarket and 60 miles from London.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED,

AN ELIZABETHAN MANSION WITH ABOUT 3,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING



including 360 acres of covert, well placed.

THE RESIDENCE stands high in a well-timbered park and inexpensive gardens and grounds, is approached by a magnificent avenue of old limes three-quarters of a mile in length, and contains a splendid hall, billiard room, four reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, housekeeper's room, etc.

Heated throughout by hot water.

Lighting by acetylene gas.

ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER.

Stabling for six.

Garage.

Two cottages.

The shooting lies well together, and has always been well preserved.

Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. 1. (F 4555.)

### PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

### WILTSHIRE

Eight miles from Devizes, Trowbridge and Westbury, eighteen miles from Bath and Salisbury.

THE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE,  
known as  
ERLESTOKE PARK



The Georgian Mansion is exceptionally suitable for use as a school or institution, and will be offered with a small area of land at a very low reserve.

The House, built of Bath stone, contains entrance hall 40ft. by 27ft. by 15ft. 6in. high, inner hall 36ft. by 24ft., six principal reception rooms, 39 bed and dressing rooms, three bathrooms and offices.

Central heating. Ample stabling and garage accommodation.

Two entrance lodges, cottages; accommodation land and TWO VALUABLE DAIRY FARMS. The Estate extends in all to about

869 ACRES.

Shooting.

Hunting.

Fishing.

Boating.

To be offered for SALE by AUCTION as a whole or in Lots, in the Spring (unless previously Sold Privately).

Solicitors, Messrs. JANSON, COBB, PEARSON & CO., 22, College Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C. 4.

Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London W. 1.

### BERKS

Two miles from Windsor Station, 35 minutes by rail from London.

TO BE SOLD,

MANOR COTTAGE, OLD WINDSOR



situated on the outskirts of Windsor Great Park, with extensive frontage to the river. The Residence stands in the centre of a park, is artistically built of red brick with tiled roof, and is covered with magnolia, wistaria and roses; lounge hall, three reception rooms, thirteen bed and dressing rooms, three bathrooms and offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE. MODERN DRAINAGE.

CENTRAL HEATING.

Stabling. Garages. Six cottages. Bathhouse. Farmbuildings.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS; wide-spreading lawns, herbaceous borders, rose garden tennis court, kitchen garden, and park-like meadowland.

IN ALL ABOUT 50 ACRES.

GOLF. HUNTING.

Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. 1.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, { 20, Hanover Square, W. 1.  
AND { 90, Princes Street, Edinburgh.  
WALTON & LEE, { 78, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.  
{ 41, Bank Street, Ashford, Kent.

Telephones:  
3066 Mayfair (4 lines).  
146 Central, Edinburgh.  
2716 " Glasgow.  
17 Ashford.

Telephone:  
Grosvenor 1210  
(two lines).

## ALEX. H. TURNER & CO.

60, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1; and at Guildford, Weybridge and Woking.



BUCKS AND BEDS BORDERS.

IN CHARMING RURAL COUNTRY UNDER ONE HOUR OF TOWN.  
**FOR SALE, THIS PERFECTLY APPOINTED OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE,** seated in WELL-TIMBERED PARK-LIKE GROUNDS of ABOUT EIGHTEEN ACRES. Outer and inner halls, four reception rooms, billiard room, eleven bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, usual offices and servants' hall. CO.'S GAS AND WATER, CENTRAL HEATING AND CONSTANT HOT WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE. STABLING, GARAGE, FARMERY, THREE COTTAGES. HUNTING with OAKLEY AND WHADDON CHASE. SHOOTING and GOLF in the vicinity.—Full particulars of Messrs. ALEX. H. TURNER & Co., as above.

BEAUTIFULLY POSITIONED 300FT. ABOVE SEA:



**KENT** (near the Sussex border).—An exceptionally charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE; three reception rooms, billiard room, ten bedrooms, two dressing rooms, bathroom, good offices; stabling and garage; charming gardens, grounds and paddock of

FOUR-AND-A-HALF ACRES.

Agents, ALEX. H. TURNER & Co., 60, South Audley Street, W. 1.



ADJOINING NEW FOREST.

**HANTS.**—For SALE, a charming old COUNTRY RESIDENCE, beautifully situated and commanding magnificent views; twelve bedrooms, two bathrooms, four reception rooms, lounge hall, and usual offices; two cottages, STABLING, GARAGE; beautifully timbered park-like GROUNDS; in all 24 ACRES.

MODERATE PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.—Full particulars of Messrs. ALEX. H. TURNER & Co., 60, South Audley Street, W. 1.



BEAUTIFULLY POSITIONED NEAR WEYBRIDGE.

FOR SALE AT A VERY REASONABLE PRICE.

**THIS DELIGHTFUL MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE,** well built and admirably planned; near station and golf links. Eight bedrooms, two dressing rooms, two bathrooms, three reception rooms, servants' hall, etc. Electric light, telephone; stabling, garage, outbuildings; really charming garden of about ONE-AND-A-HALF or TWO ACRES, with tennis lawn, etc.—Highly recommended by ALEX. H. TURNER & Co., 60, South Audley Street, W. 1.

Telephone No.  
283 Regent.

## NICHOLAS

(E. DUNCAN FRASER and C. H. RUSSELL)

4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1; and at Reading.

Telegrams:  
"Nichenyer, London."

### PYCHLEY COUNTRY

FOR SALE,

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED AND FINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,  
IN PARK-LIKE GROUNDS OF

35 ACRES.

SURROUNDED BY WOODED AND UNDULATING COUNTRY.

Accommodation:

HALL, BILLIARD ROOM, THREE LOFTY RECEPTION ROOMS, THIRTEEN  
BEDROOMS, THREE BATHROOMS, Etc.

CENTRAL HEATING.

GAS.

First-class hunting stabling with large coach or motor house; farmery and superior cottage.

MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED AND INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS, with walled kitchen garden; spinney with sheet of water fed by brook.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN PRICE.

Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W. 1.

### DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT

(WITHIN A DRIVE OF BATH)

PARTICULARLY FINE OLD STONE-BUILT  
MANOR FARMHOUSE.

WITH GABLES, MULLIONED WINDOWS AND STONE-TILED ROOF.

Recently restored under supervision of eminent architect.

SIX BEDROOMS, THREE RECEPTION ROOMS, BATHROOM.

EXTENSIVE BUILDINGS.

THREE COTTAGES.

OLD-WORLD GARDENS.

FOR SALE, WITH UPWARDS OF 100 ACRES.

Full particulars from Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, W. 1.



### 30 MINUTES NORTH-WEST OF TOWN

with excellent train service; wonderful situation in perfect country; 500ft. above sea level, with beautiful panoramic views and full south aspect.

FOR SALE,

THE ABOVE-DEPICTED WELL-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE approached from quiet road by carriage drive, and containing

LARGE HALL,  
THREE RECEPTION,  
BROAD SOUTH TERRACE,  
with crazy paving,  
Brick-built stabling and garage.

ELEVEN BED AND DRESSING ROOMS,  
TWO BATHROOMS,  
PETROL GAS,  
CENTRAL HEATING,  
COMPANY'S WATER.

Superior cottage can be had if desired.

CHARMING AND VERY TASTEFULLY LAID-OUT GROUNDS, with tennis and croquet lawns, well-stocked fruit and vegetable garden, rose garden, pergola, rock gardens, etc.; in all

THREE OR FOUR ACRES.

Strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, W. 1.

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LIII.—No. 1357.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1923.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



M. ARBUTHNOT,

MISS KATHARINE RYDER.

43 and 44, New Bond Street, W.1.



# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.

Advertisements: 6-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Miss Katherine Ryder .. .. .	1, 2
A Railway Rates Bill for Agriculture. (Leader) .. .. .	2
Country Notes .. .. .	3
The Sabbath Truant .. .. .	3
The Top Storey Flat, by Isabel Eutchart .. .. .	4
Tombs of Ancient Egypt, by J. G. Milne. (Illustrated) .. .. .	5
A Naturalist on "The Quest," by A. H. Macklin, Surgeon to the Expedition. (Illustrated) .. .. .	8
The Jacobite in Poetry and Prose .. .. .	11
Nell Guyenne and the Home of Pantomime, by Arthur Dasent. (Illustrated) .. .. .	12
Country Home: Cleeve Abbey.—I, by Christopher Hussey. (Illustrated) .. .. .	14
The Wizard of the Wood, by A. T. Johnson .. .. .	21
To "Polly" with the Duchess of Queensberry .. .. .	22
The Stalking Season of 1922, by Frank Wallace. (Illustrated) .. .. .	23
New Clubs for Old, by Bernard Darwin .. .. .	27
Some Books of the Day .. .. .	27
Correspondence .. .. .	28
A Cambridgeshire Village Church; Elizabethan Furniture in Walnut Wood (H. Aray Tipping); John Wreford Budd; Star Weed on Putting Greens (Dr. Edgar Reid); Historic Regent Street (J. Landfear Lucas); Shakespeare's Temple at Hampton (E. E. Charles); "Jack" (Lilian B. Heap); Old and New; Buffalo in Kenya Colony; Wooden Effigy in Braybrooke Church; Gull Bred in Central Europe Recovered in England (H. W. Robinson); Seafaring Rats (L. Yeo).	
The First Big Week of the Year .. .. .	30
Shooting Notes .. .. .	31
Golf in the Riviera, by Bernard Darwin. (Illustrated) .. .. .	32
The Estate Market .. .. .	xxxviii.
European Arms and Armour .. .. .	xxxix.
The Automobile World. (Illustrated) .. .. .	xl.
Frocks for New Year Festivities. (Illustrated) .. .. .	xlvi.
Of General Interest. (Illustrated) .. .. .	xlvi.
Supplement—a Plate in Colour—"The First of September," engraved by William Ward after Morland's Picture.	

## A Railway Rates Bill for Agriculture

THE Farmers' Union of Worcestershire ought to be congratulated on having obtained from the Chancellor of the Exchequer a definite assurance that a Railway Rates Bill is under consideration and is shortly to be produced. Mr. Baldwin made no attempt to controvert the bitter complaints made by the agriculturists who contended that railway rates were an intolerable burden and a stranglehold on the industry. The contention that the fixing of rates ought to be in the hands of the railway companies will not stand looking into. The railway companies enjoy a monopoly. A railway line is not a highway; it can only be used by the owning company or such other companies as can come to a business arrangement with the proprietors. This was very well understood at the beginning of the railway era, when one condition imposed upon the companies was that on each line a parliamentary train had to be run at least once a day. A parliamentary train was one for which the charge to the passenger was a penny a mile. This remained in force until it was swept aside during wartime. The argument deduced is that a right which was exercised on behalf of passengers could be equally well exercised in regard to goods. As Mr. Baldwin said, they had all skated very carefully round the subject of protection, and he was going to do the same thing. It is evident from his speech that Mr. Baldwin, like the rest of his colleagues, goes in terror of the urban population. The workmen are so intent on having cheap bread that the town seats would all be threatened by the Party that advanced a proposition in favour of starting protection. A preferential rate for

farm produce, however, does not come under that category. It is suggested in order that the farmer may again be enabled to do business at a profit. The country cannot allow agriculture to go back. Any day it could happen that this country might be compelled to grow its own food, as it did to a great extent during the war, and it would be folly not to have the land in such a condition that it could be readily made available for increased food production. As an example of methods of doing this it would be sufficient to instance the advantage of laying down pasture with wild white clover seed. This might be left undisturbed for years, always ready to be reconverted into arable that would yield excellent cereal crops.

The farmers did not raise the complementary question—that of the reduction of parcel postage in regard to the carriage of such goods as the intelligent small-holder may have for disposal. He was recommended to look into the railway system of America as likely to afford him a few hints that may be of service in connection with the projected rates legislation. On the other side of the Atlantic there has been a wish for many years to bring into existence a system of transport for perishable agricultural produce by parcel post, and a Bill was passed by Congress in 1912 starting its use on a limited scale. In consequence, there has been a vast growth of this kind of transport; for one thing, it has been proved that there is less danger of breakage than might be expected. Eggs in lots of from a dozen to ten dozen each have been sent over various distances and the percentage of breakages was only 3.6, and these breakages were not so bad but that the eggs could be used. This is important because eggs would supply, with butter, cheese and similar produce, the main part of the traffic. At the average of prices which have ruled since the war it is possible to make considerable profit out of poultry, especially if measures be taken to grow the feeding stuff. This would do away with middlemen's profits completely. If the holder of twelve acres divided his holding into three parts, grew poultry food on one plot of four acres, vegetables on a second, and kept his poultry on the remainder, he would be using his land in the most economical fashion. It would, of course, be necessary to shift the poultry annually so that only once in three years would they occupy the same ground. This would afford plenty of time for the land to be purified by the action of the atmosphere and the growing of heavy crops on the richly manured land. Such a man would have exactly the sort of stuff that could be sent advantageously by parcel post. In addition to eggs he could provide chickens in their season, ducks and geese as well; ducks, in fact, are as good layers as hens. Strawberries, cherries, lettuce and assorted vegetables are successfully marketed in the United States on this method, and there is no reason whatever that they should not be so in this country. There are numbers of townsmen who would be delighted if they could receive at the intervals that suit them fresh fruit and vegetables, poultry and eggs direct from the farm; and as the small-holder would naturally conduct the business on strictly cash principles, he would have a quick turnover of his money. It would be to his benefit to send his best produce carefully graded and packed. The more reliable his customers found him the more certainly would his business extend.

The Post Office is sure to plead that the year just ending has not been a prosperous one, that, in fact, the revenue shows a decrease owing to the concessions made last year, but the proposal ought not to be dismissed on that account. After all, the country owes a great deal to these small-holders, many of whom were thrown out of work owing, in the first place, to having served in the Army and having been afterwards demobilised; and in many ways the prosperity of those directly connected with the soil and an increase in their number are objects of the only policy that will make England go from strength to strength.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR first full-page illustration this week is a new portrait of Miss Katherine Ryder, younger daughter of the Hon. Edward and Lady Maud Ryder.





## COUNTRY NOTES

**D**URING the past few days various schemes have been put forward for giving a send-off to the building trade. Here in every city you have crowds of men skilled in the work required in building. We do not say only builders, because a new house offers employment to a great many people who cannot claim to be builders, although they are indispensable for putting up and furnishing a house. Our eyes then turn to parks and corners and by-streets where men out of work are idling. The majority are decent, good, plain English workmen who, in a normal state of things, would be working for themselves and thereby catering for the welfare of the nation as a whole. Instead, they are no better than poison to the community. A man or woman who gets into the habit of eating bread without having earned it has already become a very degraded animal, from whom there is little of good to be expected. The decent working men are beginning to see that for themselves. They laugh, but it is with a certain bitterness, when they hear, for instance, of a woman explaining in a court of law that she and her husband married "on the dole."

**A**CCORDING to the figures of Mr. Geoffrey Drage, every forty people in the community assist in maintaining sixty others. That this should be so is not for the good of the community; and if statesmanship can remove the disease of parasitism, it will deserve well of the present and future generations. That is the spirit in which we imagine most thoughtful Englishmen approach the question of helping the builders to put up houses for the working man. The help must be controlled and guarded in a very special way, because already we have had devastating experience of the failure to do so. It surely ought to be possible, however, to devise a scheme that would make it worth while for the speculating builder to get on with his building operations once more. The Government, if certain conditions were rigidly observed, could go to the length of lending him up to four-fifths of the total required for a good modern cottage, one that would cost, say, from £450 to £500. The conditions are, that the builder must put only good work into the job and must satisfy the Government, before he draws any portion of the loan, that this has been done well and truly. The next agreement that would need to be made would be with the Trades Unions. They would be required to get down to the necessities of the situation and to demand from their members work that is worth while. An ordinarily competent man can lay, say, 750 bricks in a day. The leaders must come forward and see that not only this tale of bricks is made good, but that the work is well and truly done. They are not, in this case, fighting any action against capital. The idea that the Government has unlimited funds to spend on them is exploded long since. What this proposal would do is to give them, out of the goodwill

of the taxpayer, the loan of money in the first place to pay wages to the members of their organisation; and in the second to provide useful dwelling-houses for the same. The leaders then have a moral and instructional, as well as a material, responsibility, and a proposal such as we have very roughly adumbrated could only be carried out by the aid of their goodwill and sagacity.

**I**T would, however, be necessary to take steps for the purpose of preventing any random work in the construction of the cottages. In the possession of the Government are many admirable drawings and working plans suitable for the houses contemplated. These should be issued to such applicants as are prepared to take advantage of the financial offer, and it should be a condition that the cottages be built according to plan. This would be of assistance in preventing the use of inferior material, as the specification issued with the plans would have to be rigidly adhered to, and it would assure the erection of cottages that were not mere shells or hovels. A great building scheme of this kind would have to be accompanied by clear directions relating to the bricks, woodwork, slates, tiles, hinges, window fasteners, etc. It would be one of the conditions that all these articles should be provided in suitable quality; thus the country could reckon on the erection of durable and good houses. The other advantages of the scheme lie on the surface. It would be a great thing if it brought about a stoppage of the dole. The men would be earning their wages and attending to their responsibilities. The country would not suffer in the end, because these buildings would represent good value for the money spent upon them—that is to say, if each cost not more than £450.

### THE SABBATH TRUANT.

Frae wa' tae wa' o' the wee grey kirk, the fowks is sittin' in rows.  
Takin' tent o' their sweetie-pokes, an' each ithers' Sabbath braws,  
Oh, but I like it better here, wi' the saut win' i' ma hair,  
An' for sairmon juist the lapper an' swish o' the tide along the shair.

Mebbe it's wrang—I dinnae ken, an' I doot I dinnae keer.  
But I'm miles frae Gude i' yon airless kirk, an' I'm no' faur off Him here.

I'm sure He lo'es the wee bit shells, an' the bents, an' the firm, weet saun',

An' I'm sure He'd no' be ang'ered at me—He wad smile an' un'erstaun'.

B. O. F.

**I**T is to be hoped that the more cheerful day with which the year 1923 opened will prove a good omen. The signs, so far as they can be read, are in favour of its doing so. Everything of consequence is in a more hopeful condition than it was at the beginning of last year. To take the worst feature first, unemployment, according to the latest returns, is dwindling. There were about half a million more people at work in December, 1922, than there were in the corresponding period of 1921. This reflects a real improvement in business. The improvement can best be judged by the steady increase in the quantity of coal excavated and the opening of the iron blasts in the North Midlands. It may be said that no great improvement in ordinary business is yet noticeable, but that will come in time. There is a feeling in the air that is the usual precursor of better times. Looking abroad there are many disturbing factors, but it cannot be said that an outbreak of serious war is more likely to occur this year than it was last year. At the same time, we cannot afford to neglect the grave warning of the Prime Minister, who, in the most important of his recent speeches, said that the outlook for this country was good at the moment, but everything depended upon the maintenance of peace in Europe.

**M**ONDAY marked the opening of a new year in railway history. After the amalgamation there remained only four railway companies instead of the puzzling multitude to which we were accustomed. The rearrangement has been made on account of the greater economy of working. There will be saving to the railway companies by less duplication of long and expensive trains such as

those going from London to Scotland or from London to the West of England. Whether all this works out to the advantage of the public or not will depend very much on the vigilance or on the lack of vigilance with which railway proceedings are watched. Naturally, the owners of the railways, that is to say, the companies, desire to get as much money out of them as possible. Passengers will not, readily, get cheaper fares, nor commerce cheaper transport, unless well supported claims to these acts of justice can be brought forward. At present the one direct advantage offered to the traveller is a decrease of a farthing a mile on third-class tickets—not a very great concession, inasmuch as the charge will still be three-halfpence a mile. There is no mention as yet of any intention to reduce the very high cost of season tickets, a step which would react on business in so far as the higher rate is a restriction at the present moment. As to other mercies that have been promised but are not yet provided, the public, in the historic phrase, must be content to wait and see.

AT the cost of £135,000 the hundred acres of the Kenwood estate have been purchased by the Preservation Council from Lord Mansfield. Everyone is greatly relieved that this area has been secured from development. But the most encouraging phenomenon connected with the raising of the sum has been the splendid generosity of several gentlemen not residents of London. Mr. William Whittingham of Bradford gave £50,000; Mr. Thomas William Wilkinson of Carnforth and Mr. F. C. Minoprio of Liverpool gave £20,000 each, while an anonymous donor added £25,000. Lord Glendyne gave £3,050; and Sir Arthur Crosfield, Chairman of the Preservation Council, £1,250. Among public bodies the City Parochial Charities Foundation gave £3,000 and the Poulter Open Spaces Trust £2,500. To these, and to all who subscribed, Londoners owe a great debt repayable only in gratitude. Not the least happy part of the news is the fact that it comes as a New Year's gift to London from some of her wellwishers.

ACCORDING to an analysis of the books published in 1922 by the *Publishers' Circular*, it appears that fiction is by far the most popular form of literature at the present moment. Personal observation must have arrived at the same conclusion as the figures lead to. Reading novels has, to a large extent, superseded theatre going. Curiously enough, there are many prophets who think that reading will be diminished for a similar reason. The reader of novels makes his own theatre; the creations of the novel before him are embodied and shaped by his own fancy. It is probable that nearly every novel reader creates his own characters from what the novelist has written. On the other hand, the cinema saves him the trouble of doing even that, because it represents action, environment, scenery—all the equipment, in fact, that a good writer employs to make his tale as true to life as it can be made. Thus the maker of moving pictures tries to imitate novels, and with considerable success as regards one or two classes of fiction. That would make real literature a doomed art if it were not that the cinema is powerless to show what is greatest and most effective in imaginative books. Will may be opposed to will, mind may clash against mind without any physical expression to interest the onlooker, and while that is so a great literature need never fear the rivalry of the moving pictures.

MR. C. B. GABB performs a meritorious service every year by publishing the number of people who have lived ninety years and over, the evidence being the Death Columns in the *Times*. Last year there were 327 people who obtained this questionable distinction, in comparison with an average number of 303. It would appear, therefore, that the younger generation are doing their duty by their elders in keeping them alive. It is notable that, judging by this evidence, women live longer than men. As compared with only 93 men in the age roll of honour there were 234 women. It is said in parentheses that of the 93 men 13 were clerks in holy orders. To have 234 women against 93 men is a very great preponderance. It is a contest in which the married appear to do just as well as the single,

as, of a total of 234, 165 had been married. Of the three people who reached 100 only one was a man, and in addition to the two women who passed the century four females got as far as 99 without a man in their company.

SEVENTY-NINE people reached their 90th year, and again women make a superior show of 52 as against 27, and of these women 40 had been married. The number of nonagenarians who have died in the last eight years is 2,425, and of these 120 were clergymen who died at over 90. The total number of centenarians for the period is 36. Whether it be good fortune or bad fortune to live on and on till the friends of youth are all dead and the coming generation does not believe that you have ever had a childhood is a matter of doubt, but, curiously enough, those who have done most to promote old age have failed to obtain it for themselves, the conspicuous example being Metchnikoff, who died at less than half the years to which he held that every man had a right; and it was not for want of taking care of himself that he perished.

TELEPHONE MANNERS were the subject of a recent letter from Mr. J. M. Keynes in a newspaper, in which he complained of the thoughtless way in which we are called to the telephone by Mr. So-and-so wanting to speak to us, and then told to hold the line until he chooses to turn his attention to us. In business, where there probably is at either end a private exchange, the nuisance is of rarer occurrence than in our homes, and it is difficult to see how a wait at one end or the other can be avoided. But in private telephony a deal of annoyance is caused by the person who says to his butler: "Ring up Mr. So-and-so and tell me when he is on." The unfortunate So-and-so has to wait until the person is informed of his presence and chooses to come to the instrument—often for no inconsiderable time. The telephone admits the caller into the most intimate touch with the called, unrestrained by the etiquette governing personal interviews. The least that can be expected, therefore, is a little consideration, or, "good telephone manners."

#### THE TOP STOREY FLAT.

The sky and the world are remote, aloot,  
But here is every enchanted roof,  
Stretching away,  
Sun-touched or grey,  
To the faint blue bubble of far St. Paul's.  
And here by night there are dusky walls,  
Rising high and higher,  
With their window-slits of sudden fire.  
And here is the silence, like wordless prayer,  
That hangs over London to comfort her—  
Over the tumult and hurry and stir.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

FRANCE is doing ill by turning M. Margueritte into a martyr. The latest story is that the Council of the Legion of Honour has decided to recommend that his name should be struck off the roll of the Legion of Honour. M. Margueritte's reply to all this is impregnable. He asks on what grounds the Legion of Honour presumes to pass judgment upon his writing. They have, as a matter of fact, neither authority nor the special ability required. On nearly every question of morality or immorality raised in regard to a work of art there is room for a wide difference of opinion, and M. Margueritte would be sacrificing his claim to honesty if he declined to bring a case against the Council. They are going upon rumour and their private views only. The case has not been brought before any tribunal of law and, therefore, they are speaking to a man not condemned, and to one who very possibly has sufficient ground for his belief that what he has written has not been against public morals. At all events, the Legion of Honour should not treat him as guilty before he has been tried.

"THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER," published on that day, 1796, was engraved by William Ward, after Morland. It belongs to the beginning of that artist's prolific latter period, and, with its fleshy figures, pothouse,

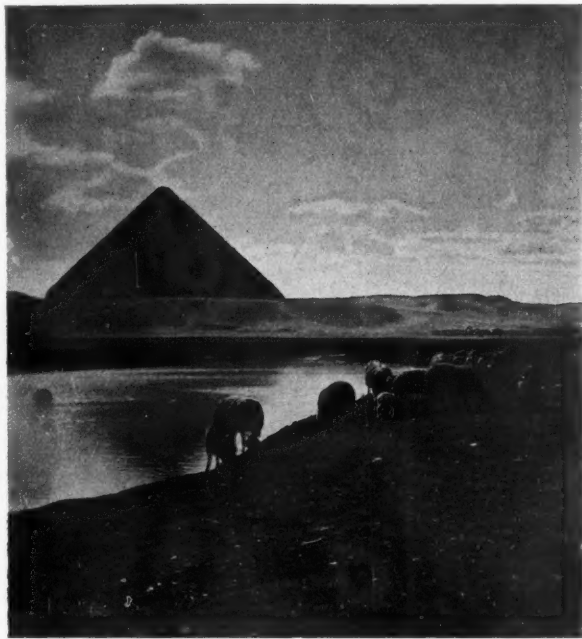


dogs and mellowness, is typical of the painter. The picture has a subdued jollity very suitable to the end of St. Partridge his day. The inn, the landlord "full

fat and in good point" yet shrewd as he is portly, the sportsman, the dogs, the gun, the pint pot and the child. each a small but perfect poem of country life.

## TOMBS OF ANCIENT EGYPT

By J. G. MILNE.



Dr. A. E. Bodington.

GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH, SEEN FROM THE EDGE OF THE NILE VALLEY.



Copyright.

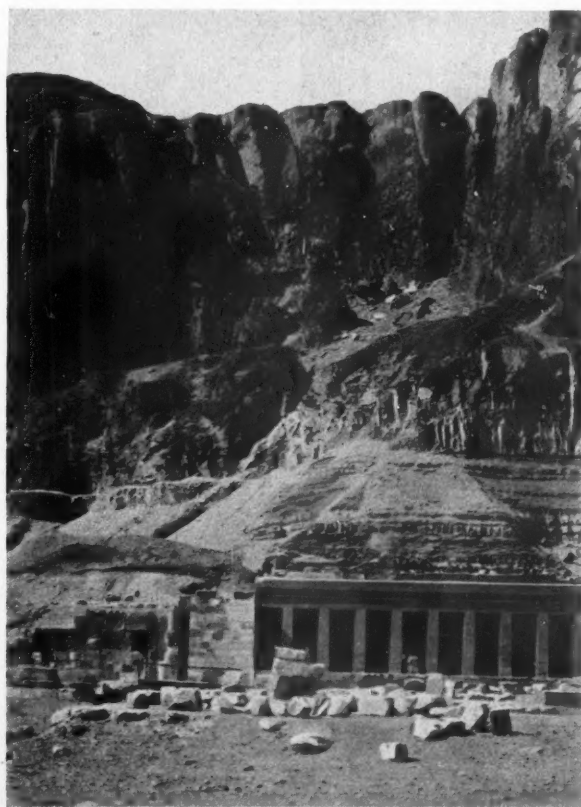
THE announcement by Lord Carnarvon of the discovery, in the "valley of the tombs of the Kings" at Thebes, of a tomb the existence of which was not even suspected and which is to all appearance virtually as it was left after the last official inspection of it 3,000 years ago, with all the royal furniture and robes intact, has, naturally, awakened fresh interest in a subject which has provided material for study and wonder in many times and among many nations—the customs of the ancient Egyptians in regard to the burial of their dead.

One of the earliest Greek travellers in Egypt, Herodotus, who visited the country in the middle of the fifth century B.C., has left a full account of what he saw; and he evidently regarded the ceremonies practised in the mummification of the body and the rites of burial as strange and noteworthy, and Greek philosophers, even the greatest of them, Plato, attached an importance which seems rather exaggerated to the "wisdom of the Egyptians," especially in regard to the future life. Under the Roman Empire not only did tourists go to Egypt expressly "to see the antiquities," which included the tombs, but the worship of Isis and Osiris, which was essentially based on the conception of life after death, took deep root in Italy and Greece, where it had been steadily making headway against the efforts of the priestly conservative parties, and during the first two centuries of the Christian era played a leading part in Roman religious speculation. And in modern times, especially since the key to the hieroglyphic

writing was found just a century ago, a constant fascination has been exercised by the records and relics of Egypt upon students and thinkers of every kind.

In the motley assemblage of theories and superstitions which has been handed down as representing the religious beliefs of the ancient Egyptians, one of the most persistent ideas is that of the double. In the world of spirits every creature and every object that existed in the world of the living had its shadowy duplicate, but only so long as it existed: if the original was destroyed, its double perished likewise. Hence came the importance of the preservation of the human body after death by means of mummification, in order to secure the continued life of the spirit in the other world. The rise of the idea may have been helped, if not originally suggested, by chance observation of the way in which bodies were preserved by natural desiccation when buried on the desert above the water level; but certainly from the earliest times the desert, on the west side, especially, of the Nile Valley, was the regular cemetery for all classes, and the great tombs of kings and nobles still bear witness in thousands to the force of this belief.

The famous cemeteries of the early dynasties, which reigned in the fourth millennium B.C., at Gizeh and Sakkara, close to Cairo, lie on low plateaux at the edge of the valley, and the irrigation waters come quite close up to them. Round the pyramids in which the kings were buried are ranged in well ordered ranks the mastaba tombs of their



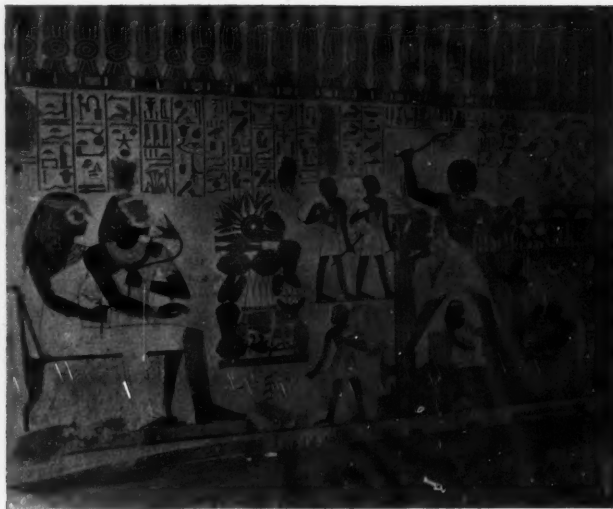
PART OF FAÇADE OF TEMPLE OF HATSHEPSUT (DÊR-EL-BAHRÎ).



SCENES IN MASTABA OF TI AT SAKKARA: ABOVE, HERDSMEN DRIVING BULLS; BELOW, GESE AND SWAN.

courtiers, usually rectangular buildings of stone containing several chambers; and on the walls of these chambers were sculptured reliefs showing all manner of scenes from the daily life of the owners, with the intent that the pictures might have their doubles in the spirit-world, and so the former lords of this earth might reproduce their activities and repeat their pleasures.

Under later kings the political centre of Egypt was shifted further up the valley, to Thebes. Here the river-bed is much more deeply cut and the cliffs on either side rise to some hundreds of feet. Instead, therefore, of building tombs on the desert, the Thebans excavated chambers in the hillsides opposite the modern town of Luxor, wherein to deposit and make offerings to their dead. These, like the mastaba chambers, were usually



SCENE IN TOMB OF NEKHT AT THEBES: NEKHT AND HIS WIFE WATCHING CAPTURE OF BIRDS.

decorated with pictures; but, as the stone of the hill is too soft for satisfactory work in relief, the walls in most cases were plastered and painted.

The first Theban rulers were buried at the foot of the cliffs of the Nile Valley; but about 1500 B.C. the kings of the Eighteenth Dynasty began constructing their tombs in the collateral ravines which run down to the main valley, and, being more retired, might seem to offer greater security against disturbance; in the main valley they erected tomb-chapels, or temples, where they might be worshipped, and covered the walls with illustrated histories of their lives and achievements. The earliest of these temples which still stands is that of Queen Hatshepsut at Dêr-el-bahri, adjoining the tomb of Mentuhotep V, one of the kings of the Eleventh Dynasty; others of which considerable



THE KING HUNTING WILD BULLS: SCENE ON WALL OF TEMPLE OF RAMESES, III (MEDINET HABU).



DETAIL OF DECORATION IN TOMB OF SETI I, SHOWING SCRATCHED NAMES OF VISITORS.



Dr. A. E. Bodington  
TOMB OF RAMESES III: GODS OF THE DEAD.



TOMB OF SETI I: HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTIONS. Copyright.





SCENE IN CORRIDOR OF THE TOMB OF RAMESES III.

remains exist are the temple of Seti I, the Ramesseum of Rameses II, and the temple of Rameses III at Medinet-Habu.

The valley of the tombs of the kings is a desolate gorge with bare rocky sides; the tombs consist of shafts, some over one hundred yards long, driven into the cliffs and leading by corridors and staircases to the chambers in which the royal sarcophagi were placed. The decoration of the walls, partly painted, partly sculptured, was almost entirely of a theological character, comprising texts and formulæ which it was important for the dead king to know on his journey to the Underworld, with representations of the scenes through which he had to pass; also descriptions of the religious ceremonies which had to be performed.

Many of these tombs have been open and visited by tourists for centuries; they were recognised "sights" in Roman times, as is shown not only by references to them by historians, but by the names and remarks scribbled on the walls by the visitors. Antiquity has added an air of respectability to these inscriptions, which is not shared by their modern counterparts, unfortunately numerous. The Greek or Roman tourist was also more communicative; many of them added to their names enthusiastic praise of the wonders they had seen; but one, Epiphanius, was frankly bored: he says, "I came here and wondered at nothing except the rock."

For a quarter of a century past the valleys have been searched for fresh tombs, and several which were unknown have been cleared; they had all, however, been thoroughly plundered in ancient times, except one found by Mr. Quibell when working



Dr. A. E. Bodington.

COLONNADE IN TEMPLE OF RAMESES II (RAMESEUM)

Copyright.



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF SETI I.

for the late Mr. Theodore Davis: this, which contained the bodies of the father and mother of the Queen of Amenhotep III, had been entered by robbers, but they had only stolen jewels and small objects, leaving all the larger furniture, including three beautiful chairs and a model chariot. Now further search has revealed to Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter a tomb which has not been touched for 3,000 years, and has, apparently, never been robbed—the tomb, too, of a king, Tutankhamen, not of a royal relative only. It is almost under one of the best known of the tombs, which was made some two hundred years later and has been regularly visited throughout its history; and to this circumstance it possibly owes its preservation, as the rubbish from the



SHRINE IN TEMPLE OF HATSHEPSUT.

construction of the later tomb would hide its entrance, and no one would suspect that two tombs would exist in such close proximity.

The contents of this new tomb should prove of exceptional interest, not only as specimens of Egyptian royal furniture, but also as belonging to a period when Egyptian art had, for almost the only time in its history before the Greeks conquered Egypt, been modified by external influences. Under the "heretic" King Akhenaten, a quarter of a century before Tutankhamen, the ancient artistic traditions had been relaxed and importations from the Ægean area and Asia Minor induced a naturalistic tendency which resulted in the production of work of the highest merit. The examples of this school have hitherto been mainly derived from the city built by Akhenaten at Tell-el-Amarna, where excavations have been carried out, first by Professor Petrie, then by the Germans, and lately by the Egypt Exploration Society; and it will be interesting to see how far the naturalistic style persisted in the time of Tutankhamen.

# A NATURALIST ON "THE QUEST"

BY DR. A. H. MACKLIN (SURGEON TO THE EXPEDITION).

[The Quest brought home a number of remarkable films, which are now on exhibition at the New Scala Theatre. The accompanying examples of bird and animal life, and Dr. Macklin's article, will demonstrate their excellence and vivid interest.—ED.]

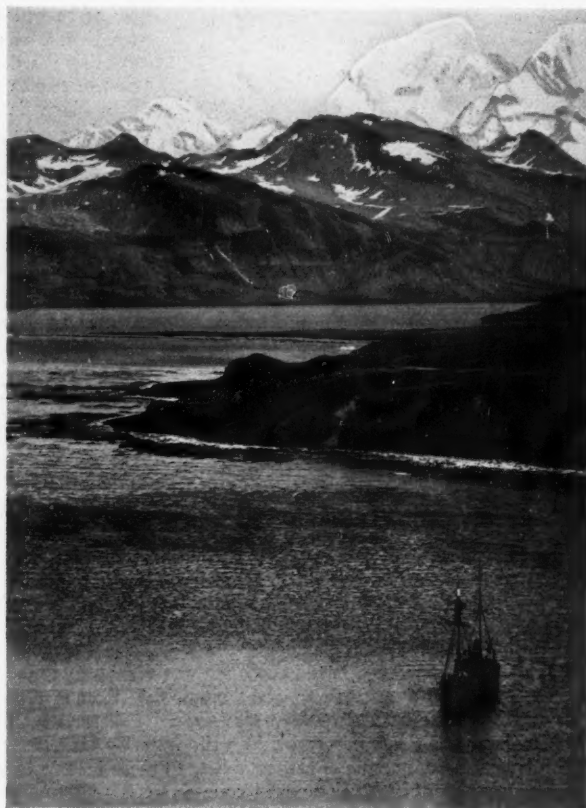
SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON in organising the scientific work of his last expedition gave a prominent place to the study of animal life, and Captain G. H. Wilkins, M.C., was appointed naturalist. The accompanying illustrations are his work—the originals being in many cases acquired only with difficulty and as a result of much patient waiting till the opportunity presented.

The Quest left London on September 17th, 1921. We were joined at once by a number of gulls, which tailed in our wake but left us soon after we lost sight of the Bishop lighthouse, our last sight of England. When we were well out to sea, stormy petrels—the dainty, ubiquitous Mother Carey's chickens—came about the ship, and never left us, in fair weather or foul, till our return to this country.

While proceeding off the coast of Portugal and the northern end of Africa we were visited by many land birds, which settled in the rigging and in different parts of the ship, so tired that they were easily captured. They were carefully examined by the naturalist, but we forbore to take as specimens any of these exhausted little creatures which had sought shelter and rest with us. They were given food and water, and after a while most of them made off with renewed vigour in the direction of land, with our good wishes for a safe arrival.

We arrived at St. Paul's Rocks, on the Equator, on November 8th, when a boat was lowered and a party in charge of Commander Wild effected a landing, in spite of a strong swell. There is a small lagoon in the centre which swarms with marine life of all sorts, including a number of sharks which came about the boat in scores. We caught many fish of strange shape and wonderful colourings, and harpooned several of the sharks. The rocks themselves provide a nesting ground for two species of birds: the brown gannet or booby, and the white-capped noddy. They are stolid, stupid-looking birds, hence the names given them by sailors. Very active crabs swarmed everywhere, and scuttled at our approach into crevices in the rocks. They possessed the peculiar property of being able to jump, and one frequently saw them gather their legs under them and leap squarely forward a distance of two or three feet.

Many of the boobies and noddies were nesting, and we found eggs, and young in all stages, from the downy white, newly hatched chicks to those which were beginning to take the darker adult plumage. Captain Wilkins secured some excellent photographs of them, and took a number of eggs and birds as specimens for the museums at home. He also obtained some excellent cinematograph pictures of the birds in flight, and rising from and alighting on the rocks. They live largely on flying fish, with which they stuff themselves so full that before attempting to rise at our approach they were compelled to lighten themselves by disgorging one, two or three fish. The crabs hastily availed themselves of this opportunity, and presented a horrible sight as they tore the flesh to pieces with their powerful claws and voraciously stuffed it into their champing mandibles. Often they fought for possession, the largest crab always winning. The losers hung round looking for morsels, but too close an approach



THE QUEST IN CUMBERLAND BAY: SOUTH GEORGIA.

was resented by a sharp kick from one of the unoccupied legs. It was interesting to note that the crabs made no effort to touch the eggs or the young of the birds, though we saw them often within easy reach of both.

As we entered southern latitudes we began to meet with the old familiar birds of the Southern Hemisphere, so much more numerous and more interesting than those of the North. The first we saw was a stately "wandering albatross," the bird of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." For generations it has received the veneration of sea-faring men. Soon afterwards we encountered the cheery Cape pigeons, which came chattering over our stern, mollymauks, giant petrels, sooty albatross and Cape hens.



A HAREM OF SEA-ELEPHANTS WITH YOUNG.





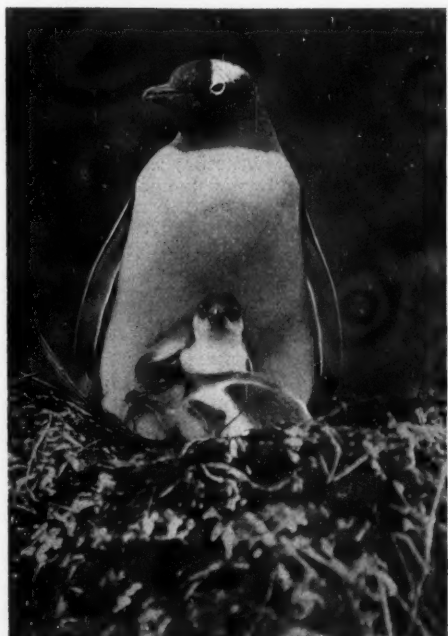
THE NESTING GROUND OF A WANDERING ALBATROSS.



GIANT PETREL WITH CHICK.



BOOBY CHICK.



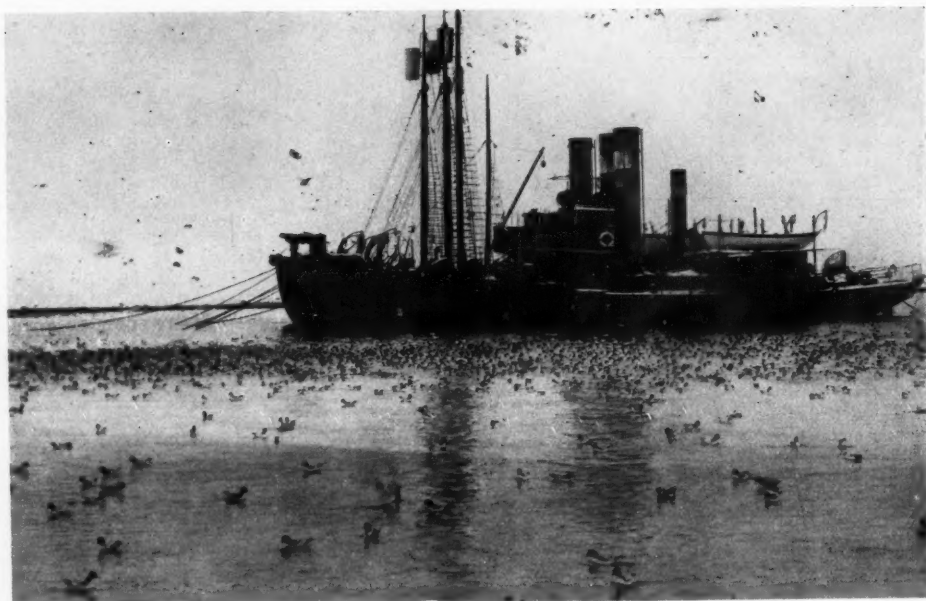
GENTOO PENGUIN WITH CHICK.



GENTOO CHICK AFTER A MEAL.

We reached South Georgia on January 4th. Early on the 5th Sir Ernest Shackleton died with startling suddenness. This tragic occasion needs no reference here. South Georgia sustains very little land life—one bird (*Anthus antarcticus*), a species of wagtail, a worm and two or three insects. Over twenty different kinds of sea birds nest there, and it is frequented by seals, sea-elephants and three species of penguins. Schools of whales cruise about over the banks in its vicinity. These gigantic animals, warm-blooded, air-breathing mammals, are ruthlessly hunted for the whale oil which is obtained from boiling down their blubber. The sea-elephants are large, ungainly brutes, the bulls attaining a weight of from four to five tons. The cows are smaller. The name "elephant" is derived from the large trunk-like proboscis of the bulls; they are really members of the seal tribe. The pups are pretty, fat little creatures with round faces from which peep two bright brown eyes. They are often to be seen lying with their mothers in somnolent content upon the beaches. They are numerous also on Elephant Island, which we visited later. A report was circulated in which it was suggested that the expedition had slaughtered all the sea-elephants on Elephant Island, and a protest was raised in consequence. The report is absolutely false, for we took only nine, which were required for food and fuel. One finds among explorers the greatest lovers of nature in the world, as indeed might be expected from those who have known and been familiar with animals in their natural habitat. I have never heard of a case of wanton killing, whereas the recommendations of different Antarctic expeditions have resulted in stopping the ruthless slaughter of many types of animals. Sea-elephant bulls are usually found singly or in twos or threes, the cows in harems of from fifteen to fifty with their young.

The three species of penguins found on South Georgia are the gentoo, the king and the rockhopper. Gentoos are the most numerous. They are active birds with bright markings: black heads and necks, black backs, white waistcoats and orange legs. A white patch over each eye gives them a curiously inane expression. The young have a pretty grey marking on the front of the neck which, in the adult, gives way to black. They are the most shy of Antarctic penguins, and by dropping on their bellies and propelling themselves with feet and flippers can travel at good speed. They can also dodge cleverly, and over rough or slippery ground are hard to catch. They stand the most extraordinary knocks and ill-usage without apparent harm. To see them landing on a rough coast during a gale is a wonderful sight, and in their attempts to get ashore they are often dashed with great violence on to the rocks. One sees them in the distance on the top of the swell looking for a likely landing place. Having selected one, they swim in on the crest of a breaker, struggle violently until the backwash has receded, and jump rapidly forward to a new vantage ground before the



STEAM WHALERS SURROUNDED BY CAPE PIGEONS.

next wave comes in, and so on till they reach dry land, when they shake heads and flippers and, as it were, pat themselves on the back, well pleased with the effort. The gentoo nests in tussock grass, and has usually one, sometimes two, chicks, which are most fascinating little things. The chick obtains its food by passing its beak well up into the throat of the parent bird, which cranes downwards to facilitate the process, taking therefrom fish or small crustaceæ which form the chief diet. The youngsters often eat so much that their tummies are quite distended.

Of all the penguins the king is the most brightly marked, but not the most beautiful. The emperor, a "Far South" penguin, which nests on the Antarctic continent, holds this distinction and has the most delicate shades of colouring. Its coat has a brilliant gloss, and seen in the sunshine upon a floe it presents a really beautiful picture. It is also the largest and most stately of the penguins.

The rockhopper is more rare on South Georgia than either the gentoo or the king. It is found more plentifully on the Tristan da Cunha group of islands. It has a pretty torso with a crest of yellow and black feathers which the Tristan da Cunha islanders make into mats and knick-knacks for sale to passing ships.

The whaling stations in South Georgia teem with bird life, for in the offal from the whales which have been flensed for their blubber there is abundance of food to be had for the taking. Cape pigeons cover the surface of the harbours in hundreds, Mother Carey's chickens flit daintily over the surface, the prettily marked and graceful terns make diving flights to pick up pieces, but never alight, and there are scores and scores of mollymauks, Dominican gulls, giant petrels, and piratical skuas—the sea hawks of southern latitudes which prey on everybody and on each other. The lower slopes of the island are covered with tussock grass, in which may be found hundreds of nests, of which the most common and the most widely spread are the giant petrels'.

Leaving South Georgia, the Quest visited Zavodovski Island, with whole battalions of ringed penguins on its slopes and a number of kings on the narrow beaches under the glaciers. Many floating icebergs carried numerous bird passengers.

Entering the ice, we met Antarctic and snow petrels—the former a brown and white bird, and the latter pure white in plumage with jet black beak and legs and hard, bright black eyes. Seen flying against a background of blue sky they present a pretty picture.

Space forbids a full description of our journey in these regions, which are so rich in all kinds of sea life. Captain Wilkins was able to bring home numerous specimens, which have been added to the collections of various museums, and we secured a really wonderful record in still and moving photographic pictures, which enables those who cannot fare abroad to see for themselves what we saw, often only as the result of arduous journeyings, exposure to cold, wind and driving snow, and long hours of patient waiting and watching.



WHITE-CAPPED NODDIES ON ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.



# THE JACOBITE IN POETRY AND PROSE

CONTRASTS between the poetic and realistic view of a man or an event of history are common. Imagination has the power to obliterate what is ugly and irksome. It has also power to intensify in the same degree, so that the mental picture does not correspond to the real facts. On the other hand, dull and precise people as a rule see nothing but the bare bones, and their lack of vision leads as certainly to unreality as a perfervid fancy. Such reflections come very naturally to the mind of one who has read the two books, *The Jacobites and the Union* and *The Forty-Five—A Narrative of the Last Jacobite Rising*, edited by Charles Sanford Terry and published by the Cambridge University Press. The rising of the 'Forty-Five is in poetry the most romantic event in the history of Scotland. Charles Stuart had the gift of capturing the goodwill alike of men and women. He is the figure round whom have been written some of the most touching and beautiful songs in the Scottish language. During his ill-fated expedition he endeared himself to the heart of all with whom he came in contact, and until within very recent times there were many Jacobites who could not sing with dry eyes such a song as:

A wee bird cam to oor ha' door,  
It warbled sweet and clearly,  
And aye the oercome o' its sang  
Was, Waes me for Prince Charlie.

You'll break my heart my bonny, bonny bird! . . .

The song is beautiful and sincere in its grief, but not more so than dozens of others, as, for example:

Better loo'd ye canna be,  
Will ye no come back again?

The personal magic of Charles Edward seems to have been poignantly felt by all the generations that came after him, yet nothing of the kind occurred in England. Even the Catholic gentry, of whom there was a considerable and influential number, paid comparatively little heed to the rising, while it had no reality for the vulgar. Although the Prince got as far south as Derby, no great impression was produced on the world at large. Henry Fielding was writing "Tom Jones" at the time and, as far as we remember and writing without the book at our fingers' ends, only one insignificant mention of the 'Forty-Five is made in a novel that was, if not picaresque, akin in many ways to that wandering type of composition. The southern part of the kingdom proved to be coldly contemptuous, if not entirely ignorant, of the romance that had been excited in the north. They did not love the legitimate king so much as to feel offended by the song of the "Wee, wee German lairdie," "Delvin' in his yairdie."

There was equal difference between the leaders. Charles Edward did possess many of the attributes of a popular hero. He was handsome, graceful and full of tact at the time of the rising; that is to say, when he was a young man of twenty-five and had not acquired those habits that alienated his followers in his later years. We like him best when he was fighting his battle with unfaltering hope and afterwards when he was skulking in the Highlands. For at that time he had the faculty to engage the loyalty and zeal of those around him. At one time the sum of £30,000, an immense one in those days, was offered for his head or his capture. It must have been in the power of many a wild Highlander to earn this reward, but there was no one so base as to be a traitor. It was very different in our day, when a Czar went to a horrible death and no friend at his elbow. Cumberland, on the other hand, was, no doubt, a very able man, but the graces had very little to do with his make-up. It was by pure force of arms that on a wet and windy day in April, 1746, he won the Battle of Culloden against a much weaker force of Highlanders worn out with marching and miserable from lack of food. Whatever may be said of Cumberland's ability, it is certain that he was not popular. His conduct after the battle was extremely severe and earned for him the name of "The Butcher." The Chevalier de Johnstone gives a heartrending account of the desperation to which the friends of Charles were reduced. He will have it that on the 18th, at Ruthven, the Duke of Athol, Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogilvie and many other chiefs of clans, and some four or five thousand Highlanders, would have renewed hostilities and taken their revenge, "but the Prince was inexorable and immovable in his resolution of abandoning his enterprise." He adds in his Journal:

Our separation at Ruthven was truly affecting. We bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks

when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered; while they and their children would be reduced to slavery, and plunged, without resource, into a state of remediless distress.

It was the beginning of a desperate time for the Young Chevalier. The story is one of gallantry and good faith as well as of adventure. On April 26th they went on board in the twilight of the evening at Boradale, being the very spot of ground where the Prince landed first.

Some of the final scenes in the escape of Charles are touched with comedy as well as with tragedy. When the Prince came to Kingsburgh's house on Sunday, June 20th, the good wife was very much astonished. First her daughter came and told her in surprise, "O mother, my father has brought in a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife as ever I saw! I never saw the like of her, and he has gone into the hall with her." She had scarcely finished her story when the husband came and asked his wife to fasten on her bucklings again and to get some supper. When Mrs. MacDonald went herself to get the keys she was heard to declare that she had not the courage to go forward:

"For," said she, "I saw such an odd muckle trallup of a carlin making lang wide steps through the hall, that I could not like her appearance at all." Mrs. MacDonald called Kingsburgh, and very seriously begged to know what a lang, odd hussie was this he had brought to the house. "Did you never see a woman before," said he, "good-wife? What frights you at seeing a woman? Pray, make haste, and get us some supper."

She was even more afraid when she found out from his rough beard that it was a man and the Prince himself. The homeliness and hospitality of the Scot of the period are finely exemplified in the sequel to the story:

The Prince ate of our roasted eggs, some collops, plenty of bread and butter, &c., and (to use the words of Mrs. MacDonald) "the deel a drap did he want in's weam of two bottles of sma' beer. God do him good o't; for, well I wat, he had my blessing to gae down wi't." After he had made a plentiful supper, he called for a dram; and when the bottle of brandy was brought, he said he would fill the glass for himself; "for," said he, "I have learn'd in my skulking to take a hearty dram." He filled up a bumper and drank it off to the happiness and prosperity of his landlord and landlady. Then taking a cracked and broken pipe out of his pouch, wrapt about with thread, he asked Kingsburgh if he could furnish him with some tobacco; for that he had learn'd likewise to smoke in his wanderings. Kingsburgh took from him the broken pipe and laid it carefully up with the brogs, and gave him a new, clean pipe and plenty of tobacco. . . .

*Pilgrims' Rest*, by F. Brett Young. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

READERS who desire purple patches, emotional appeal and the easiest of easy reading should avoid *Pilgrim's Rest*, in fact, they should eschew Mr. F. Brett Young's novels altogether. There is in all of them a wide knowledge of men and affairs, a clean cut presentation of character and a certain individual attitude to life which mark them out from the general. At the same time there is never a genuflection to popular taste, a hint of the pretty pretty or of the unpleasant for unpleasantness' sake. Mr. Brett Young's favourite method is to draw a full-length picture of a man and tell in detail the history of a few of the more important years of his life; this is the method that he has followed here. The scene is laid in South Africa; Hayman, his hero, is a prospector, and at our first meeting with him he is returning from the low country to Johannesburg an ageing man, lonely, not too successful, planning to settle down and see what civilisation can give him in compensation for a wanderer's freedom. Accident offers him the secret of a dead man's discovery, which may very well prove richer than the Rand itself, and in a moment, all his thoughts are changed. Hayman is the prospector once more, aflame for the hunt for gold, but his new venture needs capital and to earn it he goes back to the mines. At Johannesburg it is a time of great unrest in the mining world and he, an old-time miner and a strong individualist, refuses to fall into line with organised labour. Persecution follows, treachery, suffering, and all the while the tide of his affairs is changing him, changing his outlook, changing his desire. Beatrice Wroth, the girl whom he learns to hold more precious than all the hidden gold in the low country, is an extraordinarily fine creation and their love story a beautiful one, restrained in its telling, absolute in its conviction. Altogether a book to add to its author's reputation and one of the outstanding novels of the autumn publishing season.

*Mr. Evans. A Cricketo-detective Story*, by Cyril Alington. (Macmillan, 6s.)

JACK WINTERTON is a clerk in Mr. Merivale's office at Liverpool, fiancé to Mr. M.'s niece and ward, a remarkably difficult slow bowler, and suddenly offered a place in the English side for the last Test match. But Mr. Merivale tolerates no kind of game whatever, and any clerk of his found playing one would be liable to, indeed certain of, instant dismissal. During the Test match, therefore, Mr. Merivale must be prevented from going to his office. How Reggie Courthope, Mr. Merivale's nephew, and brother of Jack Winterton's young lady, achieves this, with the help of policemen, detectives, a housekeeper and many diverting circumstances, among them the mysterious person whose name is its title, the story unfolds. After Dr. Alington's brilliant first innings with "Strained Relations," this follow-on is disappointing; his style is as resilient as before, but with less drive behind it. There are few really smart cuts—only a lot of snicks past third man (if we may use the kind of metaphors the author gives as chapter titles). And the same number of points might well have been scored in half the time.

## NELL GWYNNE AND THE HOME OF PANTOMIME

WHILE the Christmas holidays are here and oranges are making their appearance in the streets, men's, and especially children's, thoughts are apt to stray to Drury Lane and pantomimes. This year, when Old Drury is resplendent with an ingenious new interior and pillars painted all purple and gold without, it is excusable if our thoughts are directed even further back into the past than our own pantomime days. For on its site a playhouse has flourished under Royal patronage for two and a half centuries, and stands alone among the London theatres in possessing a history dating back to the Restoration.

It was first built by Tom Killigrew, a man of good family, a prime favourite at Court, and the last of the King's jesters, who opened it in 1663 with Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant." Killigrew, never losing sight of what he conceived to be his proper sphere in life—an actor-manager with ideas, energetic and resourceful—was one of the first, if not the very first, to make an experiment, hitherto unattempted in London, which must, I think, have commended itself wholeheartedly to Pepys.

This was no less than the introduction of women upon the stage instead of assigning female characters, according to long-established practice, to boys dressed in women's clothes. This novelty, like most new departures, did not at first meet with universal approval, but, thanks in great measure to the charm, ability and beauty of an extremely young girl, who joined the company only two years after the opening of the Theatre Royal, the innovation, once made, had come to stay. Who was actually the first actress to grace the boards of Old Drury is still a matter of dispute. One of the Marshall sisters, Mrs. Coleman and "Peg" Hughes have all been named in this connection, but there was yet another girl who may well have been present at the opening of the theatre in 1663, when she was engaged in the humble task of selling oranges in the pit.

Her name, so soon to become famous, and which is to this day a household word, from the sharp contrasts which her career affords and the glamour surrounding her short life, was Nell Gwynne. Born, as I believe, in 1651 (and not, as the "Dictionary of National Biography" states, a year earlier), she was promoted from the ranks of the orange girls to the footlights in 1665, having been trained in the business of the stage by Charles Hart, a great-nephew of Shakespeare, who taught her in addition much that it was undesirable such a young girl should know. If Drury Lane was her nursery, and

there are good reasons for thinking that she was born thereabouts, the theatre was her schoolroom and her playground too.

In the spring of 1665, when she could only have been just turned fourteen, she appeared, with Hart and Mohun, as Cydaria, Montezuma's daughter, in Dryden's five-act tragedy, "The Indian Emperor."

We have her own word for it that she hated serious plays, and it is difficult to believe that at fourteen she could have done justice to such an exacting part as she was cast for. In the epilogue to "Tyrannic Love" she is made to say: "I die out of my calling in a tragedy." But what quickly established her popularity with London audiences was her spirited delivery of the epilogues with which the performances concluded, and her

admirable dancing, in which she is said to have excelled all her contemporaries, with the possible exception of Moll Davis, whose star, however, had not risen in 1665.

What was this "brittle beauty whom nature made so frail" like? She was of middle height, exquisitely formed, with the smallest foot and the neatest ankle in all the town. Her hair was bronzed, sun-kissed with streaks of gold, which fell in silken waves over shapely snow-white shoulders. Her eyes were of the darkest imaginable shade of sapphire blue, her mouth a perfect Cupid's bow, revealing, when she smiled, two rows of small but evenly matched pearls. She had a complexion like the wild rose and a well shaped if, as some say, a tip-tilted nose. [Lely's portrait does not, however, represent her as having a turned-up nose.] But perhaps the greatest beauty of



SIR PETER LEY'S PORTRAIT OF NELL GWYNNE.  
In the National Portrait Gallery.

her face was that her eyebrows and eyelashes were dark, in striking contrast to her warm red hair.

She is said to have been always a careless dresser, yet, everything that she put on became her, and in the springtime of her youth, passed though it was in sordid surroundings, Nell Gwynne must indeed have been fair to look upon.

Her portrait by Lely, reproduced on this page, and now in the National Portrait Gallery, is a good example of that artist's mastery of pose and his consummate arrangement of his sitters' draperies, unmannered and yet highly finished, a secret only known to the greater Dutch painters of the seventeenth century.

Hardly had this child actress graduated upon the boards of Old Drury than the Plague broke out in London. The theatres were closed for more than a year, during which time history is silent as to how Nell employed her compulsory leisure.

Little or nothing is known of her life in London from the breaking out of the Plague till the reopening of the theatres at the end of 1666. Drury Lane was one of the first street



in which the dread disease made its appearance. Early in June, 1665, Pepys noted houses therein marked with the red cross and the touching inscription over their doorways: "Lord have mercy upon us." The street at this period was a curious mixture of well inhabited houses; Lord Craven and Lord Anglesey, among other peers, had their town houses in it—the former on the site of the old home of the Drury family—while at the upper or northern end vice, squalor and misery abounded.

The Coal Yard and Lewknor's Lane, to name but two foul alleys leading out of it, were notorious, then and long after, for houses of ill-fame, in one of which Nell Gwynne, when a mere child, is supposed to have been employed to serve strong waters to its male patrons. The Plague soon laid firm hold upon this hotbed of vice, and how Nell and her mother supported themselves for the next year and a half it is impossible, at this distance of time, to say with any approach to accuracy.

But on December 8th, 1666, Nell was back again at the King's Theatre, when she created the part of Lady Wealthy in James Howard's "English Monsieur," a comedy more suited to her powers than Dryden's rather dreary five-act tragedies.

She seems never to have attempted Shakespeare, although a note on her portrait in the catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery states (as I think inaccurately) that she appeared both as Ophelia and Desdemona. These parts would have been so inappropriate to her peculiar style and capacity that it is probable that she has been confused with another actress, Mrs. Quin, who was undoubtedly upon the London stage at the time referred to.

In February, 1667, the real Nell Gwynne, with whom alone we are concerned, achieved a fresh triumph in the part of Florimel in Dryden's "Secret Love," a tragedy with a saving alloy of comedy in it, the plot having been suggested to its author by the King himself.

Recognised by now as one of the principal ornaments of the London stage, she was besieged, owing to her wit and beauty, by admirers, some of whose intentions were honourable, and others less so. With no moral upbringing to speak of—for her mother was addicted to drink and she had never known a father's care—she so far yielded to the importunities of one of the best bred men of his age, Lord Buckhurst, that for a brief space—in the summer of 1667—she kept merry house with him at Epsom.

The *liaison* was of short duration, for in August she was again at the Theatre Royal in a revival of "The Eastern Emperor," and so popular did this play become that the ladies of the Court and the young Duke of Monmouth acted it themselves at Whitehall.

This was in the winter of 1667-68, and about the same time the whole course of Nell's life was transformed owing to her elevation from the boards to the Royal circle.

The manner of her first acquaintance with the King is characteristic of Charles's habitual attitude towards the fair sex, and has been ably sketched by Peter Cunningham, her most enthusiastic, if not always strictly accurate, biographer. Towards the close of the year 1667 it chanced that Nell was on very friendly terms with a sprig of the Cavalier nobility—a cadet of the house of Villiers—with whom she probably became acquainted through Lady Castlemaine, a most undesirable companion for a young girl possessed only of wit and beauty and struggling to earn her living on the stage. Young Villiers escorted Nell to the play one afternoon—probably to the Duke's Theatre, the rival house to Old Drury—and, as luck would have it, who should be seated in the very next box but the King himself! The impressionable Charles was there *incognito*, and at once entered into animated conversation with Nell, much to Villiers' discomfiture. When the play was over the King insisted on inviting himself to supper. He also brought with him his brother, the Duke of York, so that James might talk to Villiers and leave him an uninterrupted field. They made a merry party of four at a neighbouring tavern, where Charles paid such marked attention to Nell that the quick-witted girl could not fail to perceive the inner meaning of his gallantry.

The tavern-keeper, unaware of the rank and quality of his guests, presented his bill, presumably not a short one, to the King as the senior member of the party. But Charles fumbled in his pockets, only to find that he had not enough money with him to discharge it. The Duke of York was found to be equally impecunious, and Villiers had to pay the reckoning not only for himself and his innamorata, but for all four. Nell, amused beyond measure at the comicality of the situation, burst into fits of laughter and, mimicking to perfection the King's tone and usual mode of expression, exclaimed: "Odds fish! But this is the poorest company that ever I was in before at a tavern!"

Far from being angry with her for laughing at him, Charles was so captivated by her high spirits that he promptly imagined himself to be head over ears in love with this siren of the stage. No doubt, he had thought the same thing scores of times before, but so rapidly did this new-born passion develop that, before the party broke up, he declared his Royal will and pleasure

to be that Nell should retire from the stage at the earliest possible moment and place herself under his protection. So it happened that Villiers, in the brief space of this one convivial evening, lost not only his money but his mistress, and helped, incidentally, to lay the foundations of the most enduring of all the King's fugitive amours.

Nell did not, however, at once exchange the tinsel splendours of the stage for the solid comforts of life at the west end of the town. On the contrary, though her name now began to be freely associated with the King's, she remained a member of the Drury Lane company for some time longer. Pepys noted in his Diary on January 11th, 1668, that—

The King did send several times for Nelly and she was with him, but what he did she [Mrs. Knepp, another member of Killigrew's company] knows not.

In May, according to the same indefatigable gossip, she was acting a boy's part and looking "mighty pretty" in it; but in the autumn of the following year the Puritans east of Temple Bar knew as well as the gentlemen ushers and the pages of the back stairs in Whitehall that she had removed from her lodgings in Drury Lane to more spacious apartments in Lincoln's Inn Fields and at the King's instance. Dryden had wished her to create the part of Almahide in his "Conquest of Granada," in the winter of 1669-70, but the production had to be postponed for the all-sufficient reason that Nell was about to give birth to her first child—the future Duke of St. Albans, who was born on May 8th, 1670, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the outspoken fashion of the age Dryden alluded to the enforced postponement of his play in the epilogue:

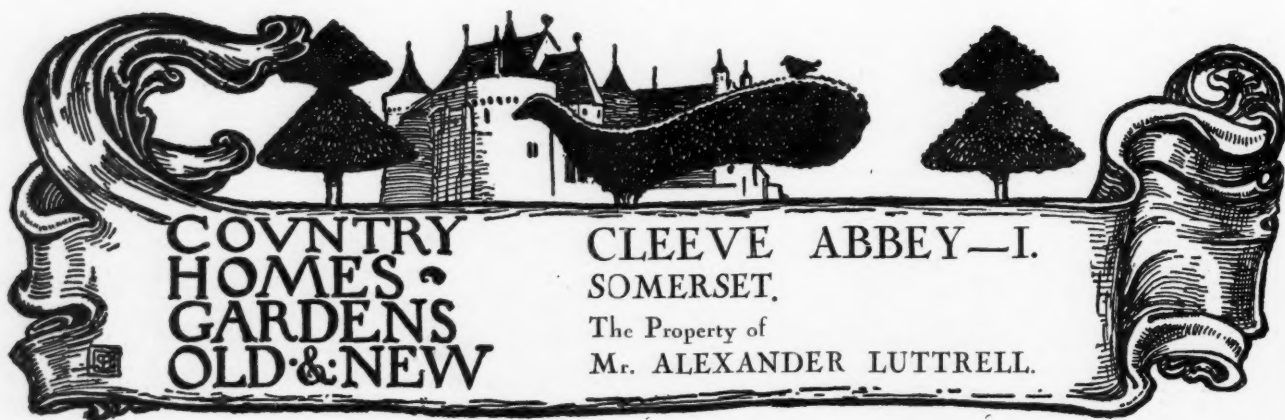
Think him not duller for the year's delay;  
He was prepared, the women were away;  
And men without their parts can hardly play.  
If they through sickness seldom did appear,  
Pity the virgins of each theatre;  
For at both houses 'twas a sickly year!  
And pity us, your servants, to whose cost  
In one such sickness nine whole months were lost.

But in the autumn Nell appeared once more, and, I think, for the last time, at Old Drury, and, in speaking the prologue, she adjured the audience to "laugh once more for love of me." She may have made occasional reappearances on the boards, but the balance of probability is against this belief.

In extenuation of Nell Gwynne's frailty it may be said that such moral errors as she committed were forced upon her by circumstance rather than from choice. We have her own word for it (in one of her few extant letters) that she loved Charles devotedly, and sincerely mourned his death, which preceded her own by only two years. Dying in Pall Mall at the early age of thirty-six, she never looked to the right or to the left once she had given herself to the King. Unlike Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, or Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, two of the most rapacious harpies who ever occupied a similar position to her own, she was never a political schemer or a place-hunter. Of course, she loved finery—costly dresses, diamonds and pearls—she would not have been womanly had she not, when they were to be had for the asking. But though her influence with the King was great, and might have been greater still had she been as self-seeking as most of her rivals, she was content to be a sleeping partner in the firm of State. Her proved goodness of heart and her invariable kindness to the poor and needy—the class from which she sprang—have contributed to the abiding interest which has clustered round her name for two centuries and a half, and caused her to be favourably remembered by thousands who know not why they extend to her an indulgence seldom conceded to the fair and frail in any age. The astonishing number of portraits attributed to her which remain in public and private hands, the numerous plays in which she has figured as the heroine, testify to the perennial popularity of this typical child of the London streets; and, even if most of these portraits are spurious, they serve to keep Nell Gwynne's memory green.

In January, 1672, the first theatre on the present site, the scene of nearly all her stage triumphs, was burnt to the ground, together with a number of adjoining houses. Rebuilt or remodelled four times since then—by Sir Christopher Wren; under David Garrick's management, when a graceful new façade by Robert Adam was added, and the greater part of the Rose Tavern was incorporated in the theatre; reconstructed by Henry Holland (the architect of Carlton House) for Sheridan between 1791 and 1794; burnt down again in 1809, it was rebuilt by Benjamin Wyatt and reopened, in its present exterior shape, in 1812. The colonnade towards Russell Street dates, however, from the time of Holland's rebuilding, as it escaped the flames in 1809. It only remains to add that, when the present management reconstructed the vast auditorium in 1921-22, it was wisely decided to retain, unaltered, Wyatt's handsome rotunda, the double staircase and the grand saloon on the first floor.

ARTHUR DASENT.



"You speak of the Paradise of England."—*Norden's Description of England.*

**T**HE Abbey of Our Blessed Lady of the Cliff, at one time called "de Valle Florida," lies two or three miles from the shore of the Bristol Channel, whence, over the waters, the mountains of South Wales can be seen. It is buried in that corner of the county formed by the Brendon Hills as they sweep in a curve to Minehead and Porlock, with Dunkerry Beacon, well known to stag-hunters, overtopping all. To the east lie the Quantocks.

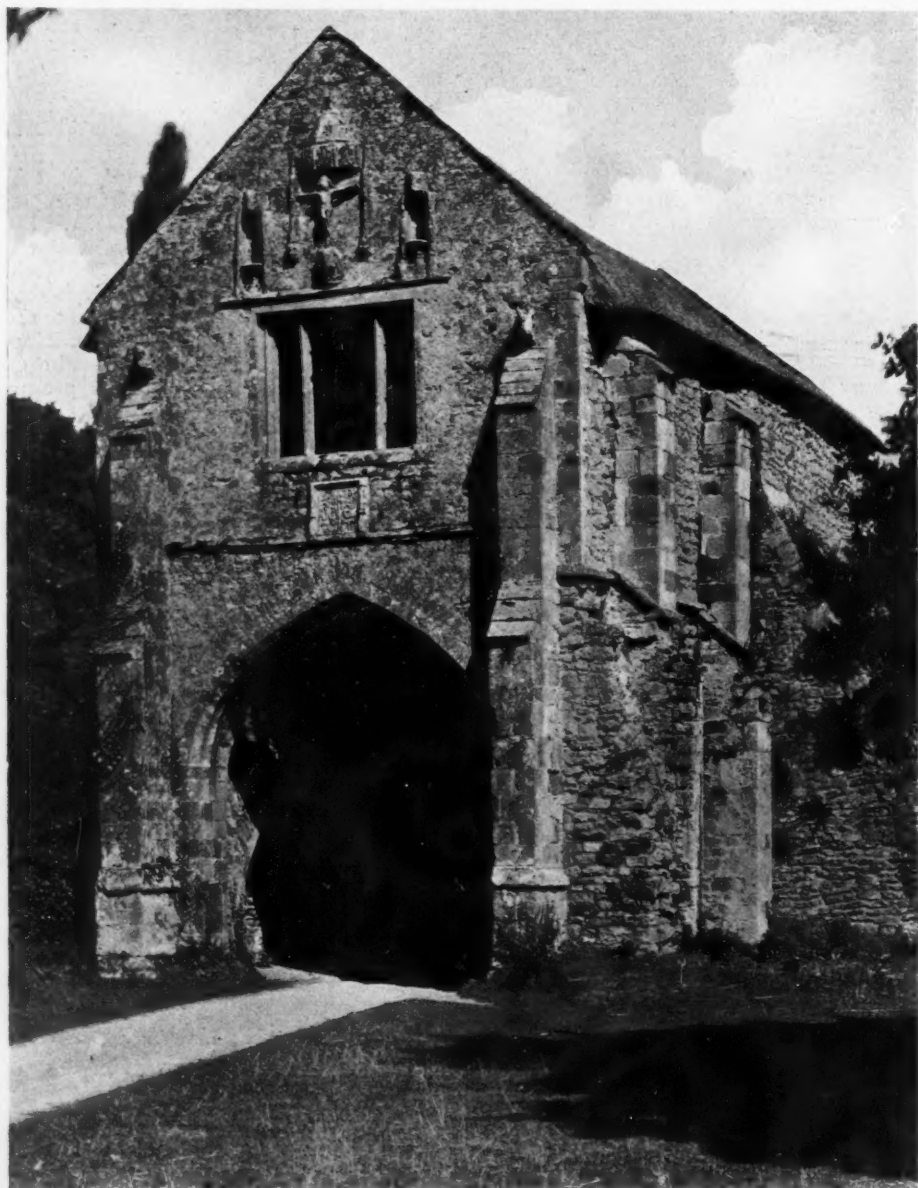
Thus, when twelve Cistercian monks from Revesby in Lincolnshire, obedient to the earnest prayer of the earl of that county, William de Romara, whose grandfather had set up their own house with brethren from Rievaulx, arrived on that remote shore, they found less a valley than a broad but broken plain surrounded by a ring of hills that, to their fen-accustomed

eyes, appeared most eminent and terrible. How they came none can tell. They may have tramped from Glastonbury to Canyngton, and so over the heathery moors. Or, taking ship at Bristol and coasting along the low shore till the bright new castle of Dunster, upon its pinnacle, rose into sight, they may have landed at Watchet and then followed the Washford Brook as it wound among woods and pasturage, and have come, after an hour's walk, in that way to the spot ordained.

That it was a wild place there is no gainsaying, for the Rule decreed that they should subdue the flesh in such surroundings. Moreover, there were few villages in so isolated a locality—a few fishermen, a few swineherds who peered at the white-robed brothers like wild men out of the woods. But no more. The only sign of the civilisation they had met was the

road from Taunton to King Richard's castle at Dunster, six miles to the west, which a certain Hubert de Burgh was at that very time fortifying. They had seen it, standing out white against the purple hills as they landed. It is pleasant to think that Hubert, then Sheriff of Somerset, rode over to welcome the little band as they raised their wattle huts. He was but a minor official at that time, but, as years hence a blacksmith was to say one dark hour, he was that same faithful and stout Hubert who often preserved England from ruin by aliens. His career was before him, invisible, like the Abbey that these poor brethren had come to build. Years afterwards, when he was Justiciar of England, he still remembered that day in the woods at Cleeve, and gave a neighbouring manor to the house—West Camel—and another—Rougeham in Norfolk.

The date of the monks' coming here has never been exactly determined. There are two charters of foundation, the first having been signed between 1186 and 1191; the second, in confirmation, in 1198. This latter date is generally taken as that of the commencement of the Abbey Church. With regard to Hubert de Burgh's meeting with the monks, as Sheriff of Somerset he was in 1192 ordered to fortify Dunster, which was, however, and had been since the Conquest, the home of the Mohuns. This is an example of how the greater castles were Royal fortresses and personal property at the same time, an arrangement which continued at Dunster far into the seventeenth century.



Copyright

1.—THE GATE-HOUSE FROM WITHIN.  
Mostly built by Abbot Dovell in early sixteenth century.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



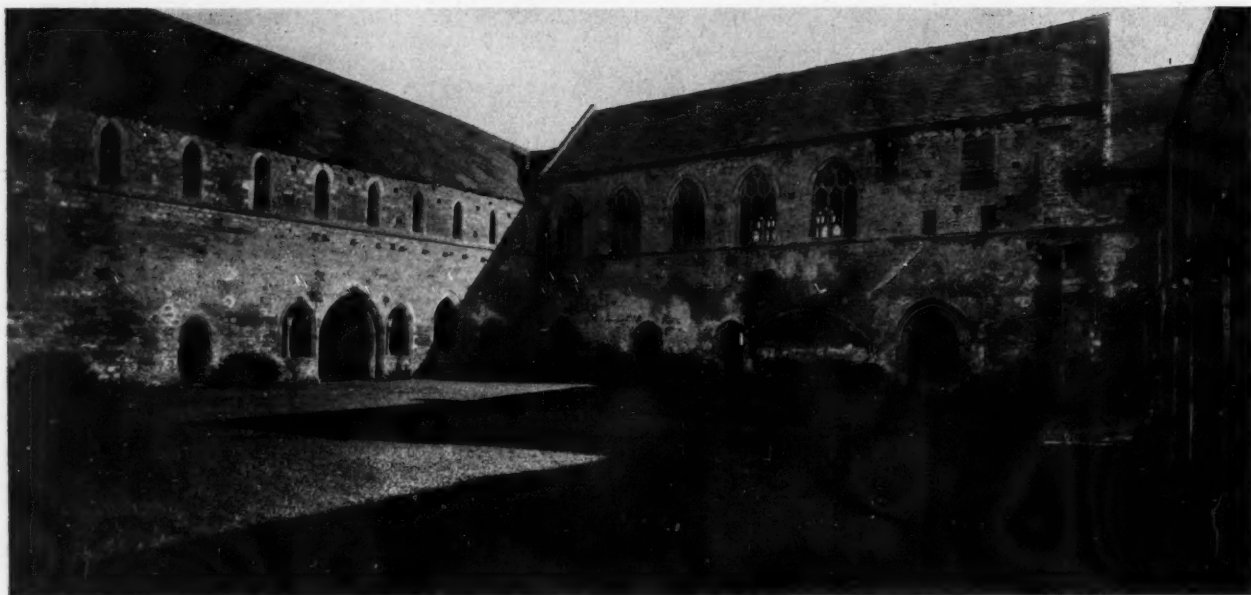


Copyright

2.—SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE CLOISTER.

The dormitory above, on the left; the fifteenth century hall to the right.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—THE CLOISTER FROM THE ABBEY CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Cleeve stands, unique among English monasteries, almost exactly as it was during the latter half of the sixteenth century. The abbey church has entirely disappeared except for the bases of the columns and portions of the tiled floor, but the conventual buildings are, to an astonishing degree, perfect. Many there are of greater size, or with remnants of richer ornament, but they are either ruins or incorporated with later work. Take but two examples of other Cistercian houses: Tintern, which is altogether exceptional, has its famous church, but practically no other buildings above their foundations. Ford Abbey, on the other hand, where the church has completely disappeared, yet preserves Abbot Chard's beautiful tower, one range of cloisters and a section of the refectory, which far surpass anything at Cleeve, but was completely renovated within by Inigo Jones.

Standing, however, within the cloister garth of Cleeve, looking south, it is difficult to believe that nearly four centuries

have elapsed since the brethren passed for the last time beneath the gate-house, on which Abbot Dovell, having recently rebuilt it, had placed his name (he was elected in 1510) and a crucifix beneath a canopy. To-day this gate-house (Fig. 1) is the first object that the visitor encounters. After crossing the Roadwater brook, which here gurgles alongside the wall of the demesne, by a low two-arched bridge, he goes through a formless outer gateway and finds himself in an outer court, faced by the other side of the gate-house. Above the arch a mouldering legend "Porta patens esto nulli claudaris honesto" entices him into the green sweep of sward beyond, where a sycamore tree grows out of the base of a market cross erected in 1466. Behind it stretches a long bare wall, pierced by a solitary and mean doorway. It is the outside of the conventual buildings. The doorway gives into the remains of a Late Perpendicular cloister, and framed in the dark profiles of its windows lies the quadrangle, with its surrounding buildings of



Copyright.

4.—THE DORMITORY ABOVE THE CHAPTER HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The stone is of an orange colour, varied with russet.





Copyright.

5.—LOOKING INTO THE CHAPTER HOUSE.  
Note the alternating brown and gold voussoirs of the arches and the lias columnettes.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

6.—FROM THE EAST END OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE.  
Where the vaulted roof suddenly rises to greater height.

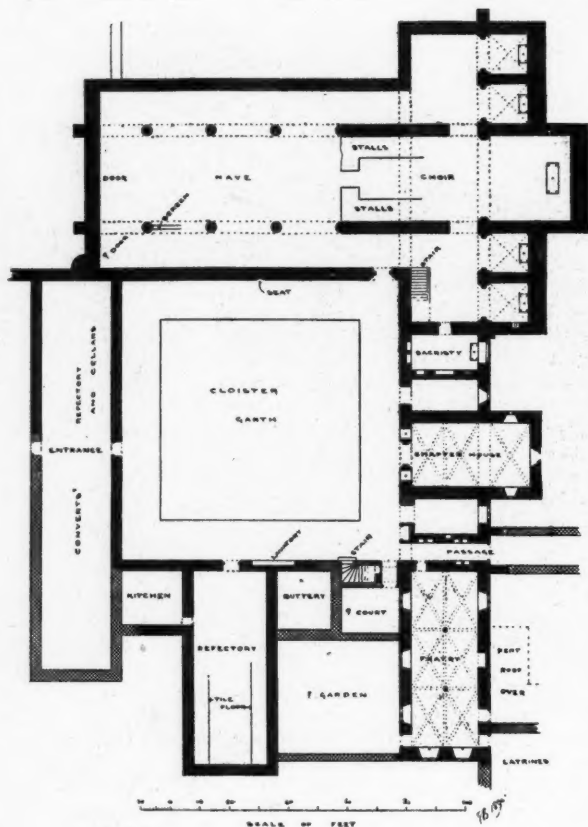
"COUNTRY LIFE."

orange stone, streaked here and there with a ruddy brown. Immediately opposite are the chapter-house, with its usual but none the less beautiful window-flanked doorway, and above, the long range of the dormitory illuminated by a row of lancet lights. On the right of the chapter-house are the stairs by which this dormitory is attained, then a later doorway to a parlour and a passage leading to a vanished court to the eastward, whence is also the entrance to the fraternity in the south-east corner. To all intents and purposes that is a pure thirteenth century range, and though the wooden cloister with penthouse roof (the corbels for supporting which can be seen below the upper windows) has disappeared, it has, apparently, not been touched since the date of its completion, *circa* 1250. As will be shown in due time, appearances in this case are deceptive, but the façade remains unimpaired.

The south range is even more astonishing, though this week we will touch on it but lightly. In the south-east corner another passage leads to what was the garden, two fifteenth century doors give into chambers, and the lavatory lies to the left of the hall steps, the hall or great refectory being on the first floor.

Of the church, little but the south (cloister) wall of the nave remains, and the dormitory ends abruptly where formerly the south transept continued the line of its roof; the night stairs by which the monks descended to midnight Mass have also vanished, though the door at the head remains. Compared, however, to what was known of the church fifty years ago, much has been unearthed. In those days Cleeve was a farm, the dormitory a hay-loft, the fraternity a cart-shed. The cloisters were a repository for farm utensils, and the quadrangle was crowded with the livestock of the establishment. Where antiquaries knew the church to have stood, a row of byres and a layer of age-long manure were found. To the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott belongs the credit of having, with the permission of Mr. Luttrell of Dunster, swept it all away and laid bare what now is to be seen.

Briefly, it is a typical example of a Cistercian church in the earlier style—the choir and presbytery having been enclosed



PLAN OF CLEEVE AS FROM 1300—1480.  
From the Somersetshire Archaeological Society's Journal.



Copyright.

7.—IN THE LATER CLOISTERS.  
The original ones were of wood with a penthouse roof.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

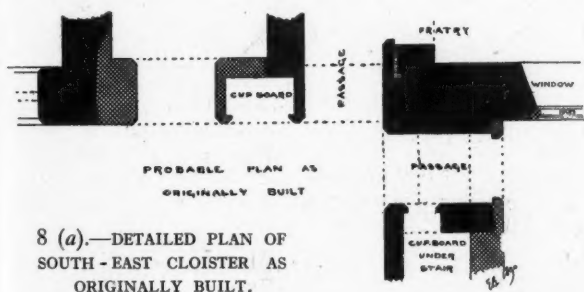
8.—THE LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY CLOISTERS ON THE WEST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

by solid walls, only the western end, above the stone screens, being open to the nave. In either transept were two chapels, and from the south transept is the door to the sacristy which is comparatively perfect, with a barrel-vaulted roof still retaining fragments of painted decoration, and a large circular aperture to the east formerly a rose window, beneath which was an altar.

The nave was four bays long, and was, evidently, from the nature of the bases of the columns which remain, built considerably later than the chancel and after the dormitory range was completed. In the floor of the nave a large section of the tiled floor was unearthed—though such paving was strictly

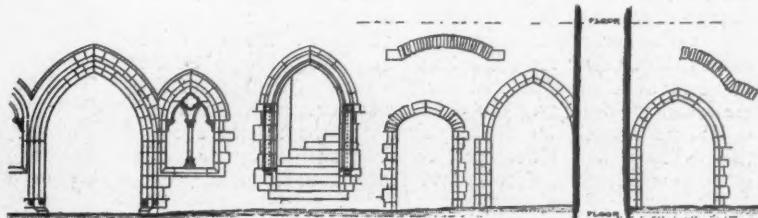
of the greatest Englishmen of that century. Hubert was the son of one of Henry II's *ministeriales*, a class that corresponded in some degree to the administrative class of to-day. The de Burghs had no lands and were of Irish origin. It was, therefore, curious to find Hubert as a landowner and benefactor in this obscure corner of Somerset, though his interest may well have been aroused by some such incident as the (purely imaginary) encounter related in our first few paragraphs. But how did he come to be possessed of land here? The charters and the genealogies make it clear. His first wife, taken when he was still Sheriff of the neighbourhood, was the widow of a powerful baron of these parts—Rohesia, daughter of Richard Lucy, the great Chancellor of England, who had married William Briwere of Bridgwater. She brought some West Country manors in her dower. But, about 1220, it seems he actually took the trouble to purchase some land that had formerly been the property of the founder of the abbey—William de Romara, who had given it to an uncle of his called Gilbert de Benigwrthe. That he intended to give it to the abbey from the first is suggested in a clause of the deed between Hubert and Gilbert, which runs: "to hold to the said Hubert and his heirs, or to whom he pleased to give it, *whether to a religious house or elsewhere.*" The grant to the abbey was actually made in 1227, together with a part of his wife's inheritance, in 1234. But not only did Hubert do this. We may trace his interest working even at Westminster, in the ear of the King, for Henry III leased a manor near Barnstaple to Cleeve, and also, in 1232, he gave two oak trees in his park at Newton "*ad stallos chori de Clive faciendos.*" The year 1232 would, therefore, seem to be the approximate date of the completion of the choir of the church, when, as we said, the dormitory range was begun. Before becoming engrossed in this, however, we should mention the trefoil-headed seat in the north cloister range, against the



8 (a).—DETAILED PLAN OF SOUTH-EAST CLOISTER AS ORIGINALLY BUILT.

contrary to the complete simplicity enjoined by the Cistercian rule, for the tiles are all armorial, bearing the devices of various benefactors of the house, to the number of twenty-five varieties, though two are unidentified. They are of red and yellow, and some 5½ ins. square, of a date approximating to 1270. Among the arms identified are the leopards of England, the lion rampant within a bordure bezantée of Richard, King of the Romans, son of King John; three chevronels for Clare, a cross engrailed for Mohun, the Despencer coat, the trivet of the Trivets, and others, including Raleigh, Fitzwarine, Peverell, Bardolph, Montacute and Audry of Wiltshire.

Hubert de Burgh, whose arms do not here occur, was, as we have already pointed out, an early benefactor, and the documents survive embodying his gift. They show a minor aspect of that great man which is worthy a moment's notice, if only as indicating the deep-rooted mysticism that inspired men such as Hubert, William Marshall and Simon de Montfort—three



8 (b).—PRESENT ELEVATION OF SOUTH-EAST CORNER, SHOWING RELIEVING ARCHES.

wall of the church, where sat the presiding officer at the ceremony of collation—when acts of the early fathers were read aloud to monks seated on benches on either hand (Fig. 10).

We now come to the chapter-house, which is entered, as usual, by a plain Early English doorway—which has never contained a door—with on either side a window of two coupled lights, separated by a column of lias, with a quatrefoil in the head. In Fig. 5 the whole effect is charmingly displayed, though the further (eastern) wall of the chapter-house has fallen down, so that we look away over the fields. Here, better than anywhere else at Cleeve, is noticeable the monks' pleasing habit of alternating the red variety with the orange stone in the voussoirs of the arches, to which the blue-grey of the lias columns, here miraculously preserved (for lias is very brittle), gives further contrast. In colour and grace it is difficult to recall a simple architectural composition so satisfying as this. Incidentally it is almost exactly the same as the setting of St. Francis' Appearance to the Brethren at Arles in the fresco in the upper church at Assisi, which was painted under Giotto's direction early in the following century. There we are within just such a chapter-house, and monks are seated on benches and the ground in a semicircle, of which the door is the centre. In the door, against the darkness without, stands the appearance of the saint with outstretched arms, and through it is dimly discernible the

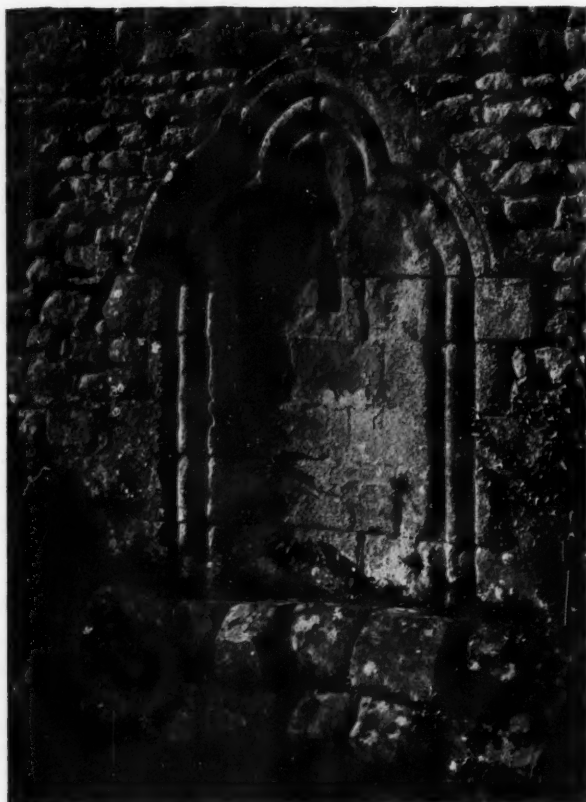


9.—EXTERNAL BELFRY ON WALL OF GREAT HALL.

underneath of just such a penthouse roof as formerly covered the approach to this chapter-house.

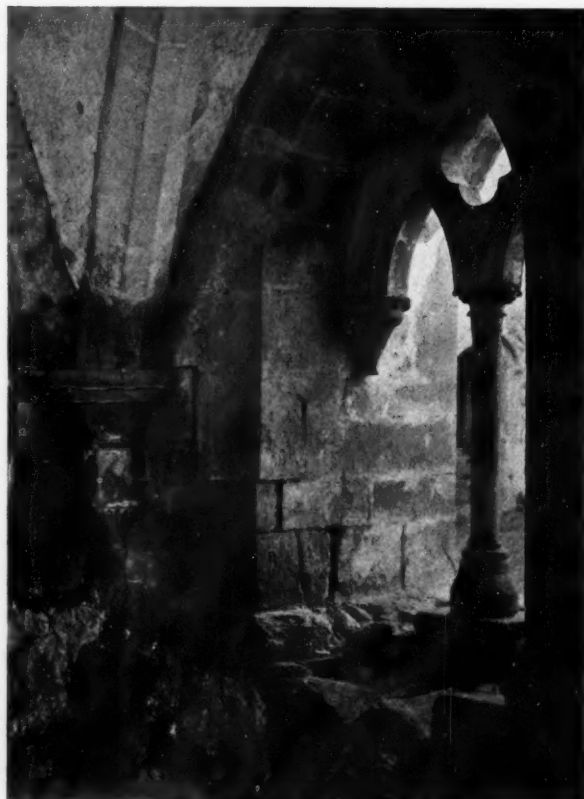
Antiquaries have remarked upon the unusual form of this chapter-house. The Cistercians, as much as other Orders, built their houses on a very definite plan, and any variation is at least to be noticed. The usual arrangement was to have two lines of columns, forming the room into three alleys. The Cleeve disposition, on the old Benedictine plan, is also found at Ford, Whalley, Sawley and Louth. The body of the chapter-house, as can be seen, was low, the vaults still retaining in places vestiges of simple colour ornament. The eastern bay, however, projecting beyond the line of the building as a whole, rises to a greater height (Fig. 6), and had over it, accessible only from the dorter, a muniment room or treasury. Looking more closely (Fig. 11) at the windows that flank the door, the Rev. Edmund Buckle has pointed out the extreme delicacy of the shaft and mouldings of the dividing columns, the capitals of which are scarcely large enough to take the tracery above; this delicacy, and differences, certainly suggesting that the columns were turned elsewhere to order, and, on arrival, were found only just to fit.

Fig. 2 gives this corner of the cloisters in some detail, and also material for a problem. The refectory, it may be said



10.—THE READER'S SEAT ON CLOISTER WALL OF THE CHURCH.

at once, is a very beautiful addition made in the fifteenth century, and is in a position quite contrary to the original plan. The floor of the old refectory was recently unearthed, and (looking at Fig. 3) it was entered by the same door to the right of the lavatory, but it was on the ground level, and ran, so to speak, away from the observer, the door being in the centre of the end wall. We will speak of it more fully next week. But the problem arises over the rough relieving arches seen in Plan 8 (b), in the angle of the converging walls. Both are at present functionless. Their uselessness stimulated Mr. Buckle, some



11.—DETAILS IN THE CHAPTER HOUSE.



thirty years ago, to write an able paper for the Somerset Archaeological Society, from which I have borrowed most of the facts in this article.

The problem concerns the day-stairs to the dormitory, which now stand immediately to the right of the chapter-house; to their right is a fifteenth century doorway to a vaulted chamber, and in the corner are two passageways, above each of which can be seen the relieving arches, which now serve no constructional purpose. It must be borne in mind that originally the south range, where now the refectory looms up into the air, was probably a one-storey building, overlooked by the windows of the dormitory as it ran southwards. Just inside the arch of the passage that now goes beneath the east end of the refectory is a small walled-up doorway, which seems to have given on to a cupboard. Now, it is unusual to find the stairs to the dormitory in their present position, especially as they now occupy a projecting angle in the parlour to the right of the chapter-house. These facts—namely, the useless relieving arches and the walled-up cupboard—together with the presence of much fifteenth century work actually on the stairs, indicate that the fine thirteenth century doorway giving on to them, with its spaces for *liais* columns, has been moved—and has been moved from a position between the two right-hand doorways in Fig. 2. The relieving arch there would have been necessary to carry the weight of the stairs over the cupboard and passage arch, while the other relieving arch would, with the other passage doorway, have formed a constructional arch with a doorway similar to it where the stairs now are, as is shown in the plan and elevation in Figs. 8(a) and 8(b). Between the door leading into the parlour and the passage door was a large cupboard which was later converted into a narrow door to the parlour when the dormitory stairs were inserted. The interest of this change lies in the example it provides of a piece of thirteenth century work being moved bodily to another position in the fifteenth century.

The eastern passageway, which we have discussed with such interest, leads, nowadays, to a plot of grass. Sir William St. John Hope, however, here made some remarkable discoveries just before the war, but, unhappily, never published their results. Mr. Luttrell, however, has given me some facts verbally. It was sometimes thought that considerable buildings lay with this south-easterly relation to the existing ones, and it was concluded by some that they were the infirmary. Proceeding along the passage, the sick monk, on his way thither, found himself in a lesser cloister. The line of the passage was continued by a covered way, while another pence also led to the right, along the outside wall of the frater.

One Good Friday morning Sir William Hope assembled his diggers—fishermen from Watchet for the most part—and gave the signal to begin work. At the outset, however, the working party were fractious. It was, they said, a Friday, and the place well known to be riddled with spirits. They had been given to understand that they were required to dig a drain, not to disturb dead men's bones. Sir William assured them that no bones should be disturbed, and that Friday, so far from being a dangerous day, was peculiarly immune from the visitations of ghouls—at least, when one was digging really hard. Whereupon the excavations proceeded; and as Sir William gradually got the plan clear, the men dug, with increasing surprise and pleasure, for six days in all, till all of the foundations were laid bare. Here was, indeed, the infirmary, with one end open to a chapel. And, most important, there was a kitchen, with drains so disposed that the whole floor could be flooded to a depth of fms., the refuse being carried off by a sewer. This remarkable sanitary arrangement is very uncommon, and it is a matter for great regret that no detailed account or plans were ever published.

An important series of alterations during the fifteenth century took place in the western range of the cloisters, leading to the substitution of stone for wooden ones. Formerly the west range had contained on the ground floor, on either side the entrance passage, the converts' refectory and store-rooms, and above, their dormitory. Converts in a Cistercian house were the lay brothers, or labourers who worked on the estates; with a regular position in the Order, they yet had no voice in the management, and were bound by a rule less strict. In early times they were more numerous than the monks. In church, they occupied the centre aisle of the nave, which was screened off from the side aisles where the laity sat, just as the choir was screened off from the nave for the monks. By the fifteenth century, however, converts had practically disappeared. The Black Death had wiped out the superfluous population with the old manorial system, and the converts' quarters at Cleeve doubtless stood empty and then fell into disrepair.

The present outside wall of the cloisters was the inside wall of the converts' building, and when, in the fifteenth century,

it was required for some purpose, to obtain further accommodation, it seems that the upper floor of their quarters was removed, stone cloisters were gradually built, and a new range of chambers superimposed upon them inside the original range. A lean-to roof would have run along the outside of this range, covering the remains of the old converts' refectory. But the question now arises as to what kind of entrance there was to the abbey proper. The middle court—where the monks, in 1446, obtained leave to supplement their revenue by holding a market—was doubtless surrounded by the workshops and, possibly, by the hospice buildings, though I am personally inclined to think that the new building above the cloister was for the reception of guests. But, anyhow, the real entrance to the abbey would have been from this court. Yet to-day only the meanest door gives admission to the main cloister. It is pure conjecture, but, under the circumstances, perhaps, allowable to suppose that the outside wall of this new upper storey was fringed by a sloping roof beneath its windows, except in the centre, where the entrance was. Here, I am inclined to think, the upper storey was intended to jut forward so as to form a chamber above a more imposing archway than anything that exists. This chamber would, of course, be flanked on either side by the lean-to roof, and have been attained by a winding stair from the porch below. There is, however, no sign of it, and it is probable that it was never actually built.

When we discuss the great hall and the kitchen next week we will have further evidence of the incompleteness of Cleeve in the sixteenth century.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## THE WIZARD OF THE WOODS

ASK a dozen sportsmen why the woodcock is held in such esteem by them, why the sombre little bird with the long, straight bill and boot-button eye is, beyond all others, the proudest trophy of the mixed bag, and none will be able to give you a decisive explanation. The fact is—if, indeed, one dare speak of facts in regard to this erratic creature—the fascination of woodcock arises from a number of things, of which the bird's wayward nature is one and the freak shots it so often presents another. You can never be quite sure where to find him, and when he does rise, with that weird sound which is peculiarly his own, not even the oldest and most cunning of sportsman can say what he will do, which way he will go.

The date of the woodcock's arrival in this country is as uncertain a matter as anything else connected with this strange winter visitor. You may come upon him on the hillside sheep-walks in August, a poor, emaciated wanderer, weary from long travel and lean fare. Again, when the broken partridge coveys are calling at evening across the steel-blue turnip field you may see him darkly silhouetted against the light of the sky, moving like some gigantic bat towards his feeding ground in the wood. But November is usually here before the bulk of the woodcocks appear, and although, like most of our migrants, this bird seems to prefer stormy weather for his passage, it is the deep, quiet glens of the West Country which are his favourite winter quarters. And there, where upon the dull brown leaves of years fall the clear yellows and buffs and rusty reds of the passing autumn, the woodcocks come when dusk is falling. Worms in abundance haunt the soft black mould which lies beneath that chequered carpet, and for worms the woodcock has an inveterate appetite.

Often I have stood of an evening in the shelter of the hollies of a certain little Welsh glen, when the first storm of November is driving through the straining tree-tops high above, and waited for the woodcocks' coming—and sometimes they have never come at all. But let the weather bring promise of winter, let grey showers sweep over the whitening hillsides and powdery pellets of hail patter on the crisp leaves. Then, when the last glimmer of light is fading, the woodcocks will loom out of the leaden sky like phantom owls and on velvet wings sink into the darkening hollow as mysteriously as they came.

This habit of making for a chosen feeding-ground at a particular hour and in certain kinds of weather is the one woodcock trait which approaches constancy; but, for the sportsman to put up a woodcock when he is led by circumstances to expect one is a very different matter. During the day there will, perhaps, be but a solitary bird in one of the leafy bottoms he loves, and the chances are that he will evade the gun by slipping

like a brown wraith between the trees. Next morning he will be there again, and again he may glide away with his tongue in his cheek as your pellets splutter about the hazel branches. For a week he may evade you thus and finally, perhaps, offer you such a preposterously easy mark that its very simplicity is again your own undoing and the bird's reprieve.

Again, you may "bag" a single cock in a particular oozy spot, and each morning in succession for several days another bird will rise from the same place, the very ghost of his departed brother whose "trail" you have already dissected on toast. But such regularity is the exception that proves the rule when shooting 'cock. Taking one day with another, this bird is of all birds the most difficult to locate with certainty. He is here to-day and gone to-morrow. But whence he comes or whither he goes you know not. It is plain that his science of meteorology is not ours, that he dwells in a world of mysteries we wot not of. For, after all that has been written of him since Hamlet's day, we are just about as far from any clear understanding of his nature as ever we were. This much, however, we do know. If the woodcock were really difficult to shoot, and that only, he would lose much of that enchantment which he now holds for all good sportsmen. But a bird of notoriously feeble flight which will rise from his day dreams in the bracken, flutter with blinking eyes in the low sun direct into the muzzle of the nearest

gun, or make a bee-line at a beater's head and escape to the dying echoes of "mark 'cock," many emptied cartridges and scornful retrievers is a bird of originality, as well as an object of sport.

To some of us he is something more even than all this. To that "glorious uncertainty" of woodcock which whets the keenness of the old sportsman no less than it confuses the spaniel puppy, which may even refuse to retrieve a thing so uncanny, may always be added the savour of romance. For this wizard of the woods, which claims a whole hemisphere as his home and yet remains homeless is surely, as I have suggested, the keeper of strange secrets. Of the story of his life we really know very little, of the long dark hours he spends so silently beneath the hollies of the glen where the brown leaves lie unmoved until turned over by his sensitive bill we know less. He is the bird—spirit of the silent places, elusive as a gnat, inconstant as a moorland trout. He is only really comprehensible when you have got him on toast. But, even thus, there is a glamour of fascination about him so subtle that it is beyond the hope of words to express. Even the spit is powerless to quench the strange charm he inspires. The last word is always his, and though generations of men may do him homage, they will not reveal the secrets of his bewitching nature.

A. T. JOHNSON.

## TO "POLLY" WITH THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY

IN the pages of a hitherto unpublished MS. diary, left to her descendants by the late Mrs. John Larpent, wife of a censor of plays, there occurs an interesting account of her attendance in 1777 at a performance of "Polly," in the company of the aged Duchess of Queensberry. Mrs. Larpent—or the Baroness de Hochepeid, as she ultimately became in her own right—was at that time a young unmarried girl keeping house for her father, Sir James Porter. Sir James had been for many years Ambassador to the Porte, and afterwards Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Brussels, and in London he moved in a distinguished social circle, which included many people of light and learning. As his motherless daughter grew old enough to take her place in society, she naturally received and also dispensed a great deal of hospitality.

In her "Methodised Journal," as she herself calls it, Anna Porter kept a careful list, with commentaries, each year of the books she had read, the sermons she had listened to, the persons she had "lived with" and received, and the entertainments, private and public, which she had attended. She was a young person of superior intelligence and many attainments; but she was also of a rather censorious disposition, due probably to a strong evangelical bias which did not always incline her to the lighter ways of society. After returning from a round of country visits at the age of seventeen, she remarks to her diary, "One should endeavour to acquire the art *de s'ennuyer de bonne grâce*, for how many disagreeable persons there are who will be lived with": a sentiment which, it is to be feared, may find an echo in less censorious breasts of all ages.

Among her large acquaintance, however, there was one, the Duchess of Queensberry, who escaped her criticism and for whom she had an almost unqualified affection. This was the more curious as this sprightly and eccentric old lady's habits were calculated to upset a less conventional mind than that of the young diarist. "At the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry's often," she notes, "she was uniformly kind to me, of most entertaining society"; and a year or so later she remarks again, "The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry were uncommonly and steddily kind, often there" (at her father's house) "and always pleased. Her society, when she chose it, was very pleasant, and those whims I perceived, very easily put up with, because her oddity of character certainly arose from peculiar circumstances."

As for the duchess, she was, no doubt, attracted by Miss Porter's intelligence, as well as animated by a natural kindness of heart. "Read loud Sterne's Letters to the Duchess," Anna notes in the diary. "She required me to read slow, and continually interrupted, always to make some quaint observation." But the two ladies were not always serious. More often, in the language of their own time and of the diary, they went "raking" together. They must have been a rather ill-assorted couple—

the venerable and still beautiful duchess, altogether declining to be venerable, still wearing the fashions of her youth and refusing "to cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head or wear one of their trolloping sacks," and the pretty but precise girl of nineteen who accompanied her, dressed carefully in the prevailing fashion, correct in every detail, but with no touch of exaggeration.

To balls, to breakfasts, and to the theatre, the duchess "carried" her young companion, and there was little doubt as to which of the two enjoyed herself the more. Anna found "The Beggar's Opera" "too shocking to please me, such vice laid open," and a ball sometimes, even one given by the duchess herself "very indifferently agreeable." But her chaperon's exuberance of spirits no doubt sufficed for them both, and if Miss Porter were wise, she kept her opinion of Mr. Gay's opera to herself. If youth only knew!

We believe, however, that even this critical young person knew and appreciated the unique privilege conferred upon her on her last expedition with the duchess, when, in 1777, the latter took her to the theatre to see a performance, probably the first, of "Polly." In her diary she notes:

June 23. At the Play. POLLY or the second part of THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. I was extremely pleased to go with the Duchess to see this Opera, which from the protection she gave its author Gay and from the spirit of the times, occasioned her dismission from Court. She heard it with delight. She sang all the airs after ye actors.

She told me a story about every song—how Gay wrote it such a night after supper at Amesbury, how he wanted a Rime, how she helped him out, etc., etc. I think the story pretty and affecting. It overleaps the bounds of probability, and the moral is nothing remarkably pointed, although the Duchess told me that, on Gay's being accused of immorality in the end of ye BEGGAR'S OPERA, some nobleman (I really think Lord Bath, but I am not certain) said "Why Gay, you have only transported him, pursue him and bring him to punishment." "And see," says she, "how finely he has wrought the tale. But," said she, "I was punished because Macheath was to be hanged and Gay's moral vindicated. I told the Lord Chamberlain I thanked him, it saved me trouble and curtsies."

The diarist goes on quite briefly to tell how this play cost the indomitable duchess her life. "She went constantly to see it and would not be prevented by a very bad cold. At her age the heat of a summer Play House increased it and inflammation came on; she died in consequence."

Miss Porter herself went to see "Polly" again a month later, but her judgment was less lenient. This time there was no radiant duchess sitting beside her, beating time to the music, loudly singing the songs she had helped her pet poet to write, and joyfully defying the Lord Chamberlain and all the modes of Europe! So she notes, "The songs very pleasing, much wit, much immorality, better not to be acted than acted."

Subconsciously Anna Porter was, it would appear, already training to be the wife of a dramatic censor!



# THE STALKING SEASON OF 1922

BY FRANK WALLACE.



LANGWELL, DUKE OF PORTLAND.  
Points, 6 + 7.



MAMORE, CAPTAIN F. BIBBY.  
Points, 5 + 5.



KILLILAN, MR. EDGAR WILLS.  
Points, 4 + 6.

THE deer-stalking season of 1922 was disappointing because, had the spring and summer been less cold and wet, it might easily have been a very good one. Judging by the best heads, I think the average length of horn is better than last year, though few heads deserve the spate of adjectives which has been let loose on them. It was not my intention to allude to that usually mythical creation "the head of the season." I can only recall possibly three years or four in which one particular head so outclassed everything else that such a term could be justly applied to it without fear of contradiction. Even in the years 1880, 1898 and 1902 rivals might have been set up.

A good deal of resentment has been aroused among stalkers—I mean the "professionals"—by a claim which has been set forward in various papers for a switch horn as the best head of the year. What are the necessary qualifications for such a head? First, the horns must be long. In addition they should be thick, rough and symmetrical, and carry long and well shaped points. A switch, strictly speaking, carries no points at all, though these heads usually have brows. Such a head, if not an abnormality is, at any rate, an undesirable beast to have on the ground, and in any well managed forest is regarded as vermin.

To judge which is the best head of several one must see the heads together. For this reason alone it is impossible without going to great trouble and expense to make definite claims for one head in this country. Many of the best heads never go to a taxidermist's at all; those that do are widely scattered among half a dozen different establishments. I hold no brief for any head, nor do I wish in any way to disparage a very handsome trophy. I have always tried to give an unbiased opinion for what it is worth, and have written at length because I do not consider it fair to the owners of other heads when such claims as this are put forward. Everyone has a right to his own opinion, but that is a different thing to putting forward statements which, while proving the unbounded self-confidence of the person who makes them, also prove that he knows very little about the subject with which he is dealing.

Speaking generally, weights have been very much better than heads; indeed, so far as the former are concerned, I can recall no season in which they have been so uniformly high. In 1909 and 1912 they were well above the average, but not to the extent that they were this year. It is quite an exceptional season in which several big forests can average between 15st. and 16st., and to mention those which are in my mind, at Blackmount 100 stags averaged 15st. 7lb. (clean) in weight; at Braulen 74 and at Lochmore 99 had the same figure—16st.

Deer, as a rule, were from ten days to a fortnight late, though in one or two forests, notably Gaick, they were early. As is often the case in a late season, the rut lasted but a short time and the big stags very rapidly lost weight.

At the latter end of the season, at any rate, the weather was fine, though in some of the Aberdeenshire forests particularly, on the high ground, mist interfered a good deal with stalking.

Several 14-pointers were killed, the prettiest that I have seen, though short, is that from Garrygualach, killed by Mr. C. F. G. R. Schwerdt. Lady Lucas killed one at Struy, also a short horn, with a peculiar shaped left top.

Two or three fine heads came from Sandside, including a very wild-looking horn with the extraordinary length of 38½ins. It was a 10-pointer, missing the bays and with good brows.

Perhaps the best was a very pretty 14-pointer, with beautiful lower points and one of the most symmetrical heads I have ever seen. It measured 34½ins. Another 14-pointer was killed, but I have no details of the season.

Sir Charles Ross' 9-pointer from Benmore, though not so good as a head with a similar number of points killed there in the war, nor a royal from the same forest killed in 1919, is yet a good head.

Several very nice heads came from Glenfiddich, including, besides two of which I give the measurements, another very pretty 10-pointer with horns only slightly inferior to the second 10-pointer included in my list.

At Blackmount 100 stags were killed, of which two were 13-pointers and eight royals. The best stag was a very fine royal which Lord Durham killed, weighing 20st. 6lb. The average weight—quite clean—of the entire number was 15st. 7lb. Lord Durham also shot a pretty, symmetrical 10-pointer, and his last stag was a nice royal.

As the season was remarkable for heavy stags I give the weights of the best fifteen killed at Blackmount:

Points.	Weight.	Points.	Weight.	Points.	Weight.
12 ..	20st. 6lb.	12 ..	18st. 0lb.	8 ..	17st. 8lb.
13 ..	19st. 0lb.	9 ..	18st. 0lb.	13 ..	17st. 7lb.
8 ..	19st. 0lb.	9 ..	17st. 10lb.	9 ..	17st. 0lb.
13 ..	18st. 10lb.	8 ..	17st. 10lb.	9 ..	17st. 0lb.
9 ..	18st. 3lb.	8 ..	17st. 8lb.	5 ..	17st. 0lb.

At Langwell 61 stags were killed averaging 15st. 4lb., and at Braemore 36 averaged 14st. 2lb. The Duke of Portland himself killed 38, including a 14-pointer weighing 18st., and a wide 9-pointer with a span of 31ins. Two other good stags, weighing 18st. 12lb. and 17st., carried heads of 13 points. The heaviest stag weighed 20st. 4lb., three were over 18st., four over 17st. and fourteen over 16st. Owing to the backward spring and wet summer deer were late in coming into condition.

At Guisachan, tenanted by Mr. Fred Bell, 50 stags were killed, averaging 15st. 13lb. The heaviest stags were 20st. 10lb., 19st. 12lb. and 19st. 11lb. The best heads were a royal and three 11-pointers. Of one of these I give measurements. Another royal was killed, seven 11-pointers and ten 10-pointers. Deer were inclined to be late and the weather on the whole was good.

At Kinloch and Strathmore Colonel R. C. Swan got 28 stags out of a limit of 48. Twelve stags shot by himself averaged 16st. 2lb., the average weight of the total number being 15st. 13lb. The heaviest beast weighed 17st. 10lb. Deer were very late, no good heads were killed. "Stags did not break up until the beginning of October, and when they joined the hinds they were hard run in twenty-four hours." This confirms my own experience. I have noticed in other years that when deer are very late the rut lasts a comparatively short time.

At Rannoch Mr. Robert Fleming killed 53 stags averaging 15st. 5lb., the heaviest beast being 17st. 12lb. A 10-pointer and an 8-pointer were the two best heads, deer were not unusually late, and the weather was fine for the last fortnight.

At Glenquoich and part of Cluanie 86 stags were killed. The four best (clean) weighed 19st., 18st. 12lb., 18st. 7lb. and 18st. 6lb. There was a lot of south-east wind and for this district the weather was very dry. Mr. C. Williams writes: "I heard several stags roar on September 8th, and the deer were all in very good condition. Heads were less good than last

year. A curious season in that stags varied very much in cleaning and joining the hinds. Some stags were early and many late."

Monar was very lightly shot, though stags were plentiful. Twenty-four were killed averaging 15st. 12lb., the two heaviest being 17st. 10lb. and 17st. 2lb. The season was late, wind and weather were unfavourable, and no good heads were killed.

At Kinveachy 31 stags were killed averaging 14st. 3lb.—a record for this forest. The heaviest were 17st. 11lb., 17st. 4lb., 17st. and 16st. 6lb. (two). Two royals, two 11-pointers, three 10-pointers and two 9-pointers were the best heads shot. Deer were rather late, and though the weather was mostly fine the wind was in the wrong quarter the greater part of the season.

At Ceannacroc 68 were killed out of a limit of 70, stalking ending on October 10th. The average weight was 16st. 5lb., the two heaviest stags being 20st. 2lb. and 19st. 8lb. A 13-pointer and a good royal were among the best heads.

At North Dundreggan 25 stags were killed, including a good 11-pointer and a 9-pointer.

At South Dundreggan only half the ground was stalked and 7 stags were killed.

At Levishie 15 stags were killed, average weight 15st. 1lb. Three stags were over 17st., four were 10-pointers. A good 8-pointer had horns 34½ins. long and 5in. beam. A roebuck with 9½in. horns was also shot.

The deer in the whole of Glenmoriston were unusually late in breaking up, and there was a good deal of east wind which interfered with part of the ground.

At Strontian 31 stags were killed, the two best heads being 10-pointers. Of one of these, a remarkably graceful head, I give measurements and a sketch. East wind interfered a good deal with the best part of the ground.

At Kingairloch 40 stags were killed averaging 16st. 8lb. (including a few beasts killed as vermin). The four heaviest were 20st. 6lb., 20st. 1lb. and two of 20st. The first of these was an 11-pointer and the best head killed. Heads on the whole

were strong, but inclined to be weak in the tops. The number is rather less than usual owing to the late season and the consequent difficulty in getting the right stags. The dry spring enabled the deer to make a good recovery after a very wet winter, which accounts for the high average weight.

At Strathconon Captain Combe killed 70 stags. Deer were very late and the wind was bad throughout the season. The wet winter and late spring are responsible for quite the worst season known at Strathconon, and although heads were strong, they were not up to the usual average.

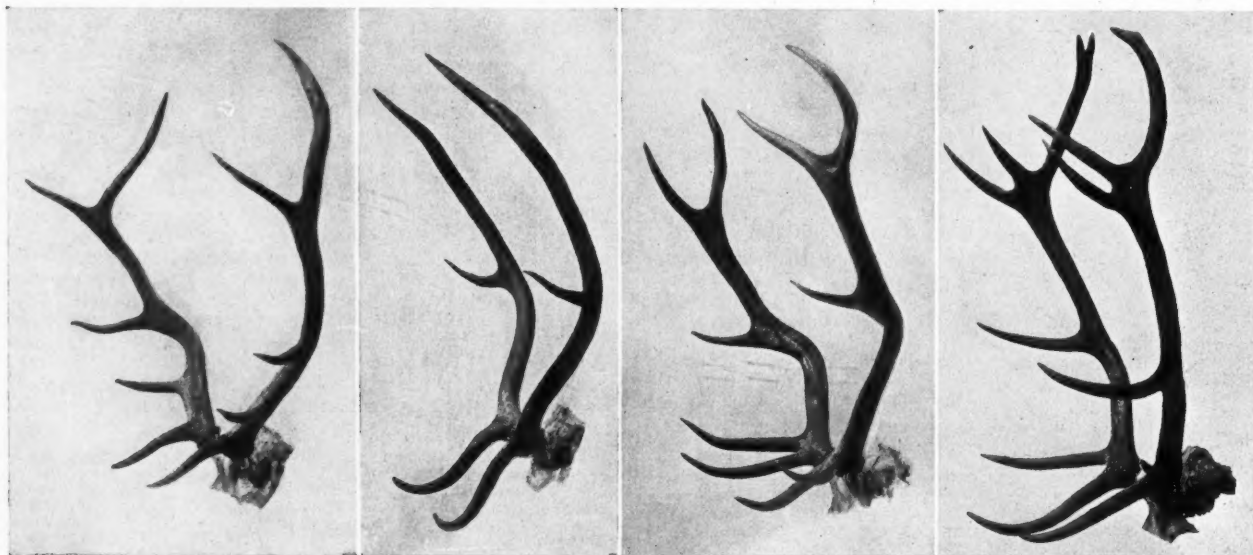
At Fealar 55 stags were killed, averaging 15st. 7lb., the heaviest beast being 17st. 9lb. Two royals were the best heads, though nothing really good was shot. The weather was very mild and the stags were ten days late. "An extraordinary year, as stags were heavy for this—one of the highest forests—but heads disappointing."

At Lochmore (Reay forest) 99 stags were killed by Sir John Dewrance averaging 16st. (clean). The heaviest stags were 18st. 4lb., 17st. 10lb., 17st. 9lb. (two), 17st. 8lb. and 17st. 6lb. An 8-pointer was the best head, deer were late, and the weather was exceptionally good.

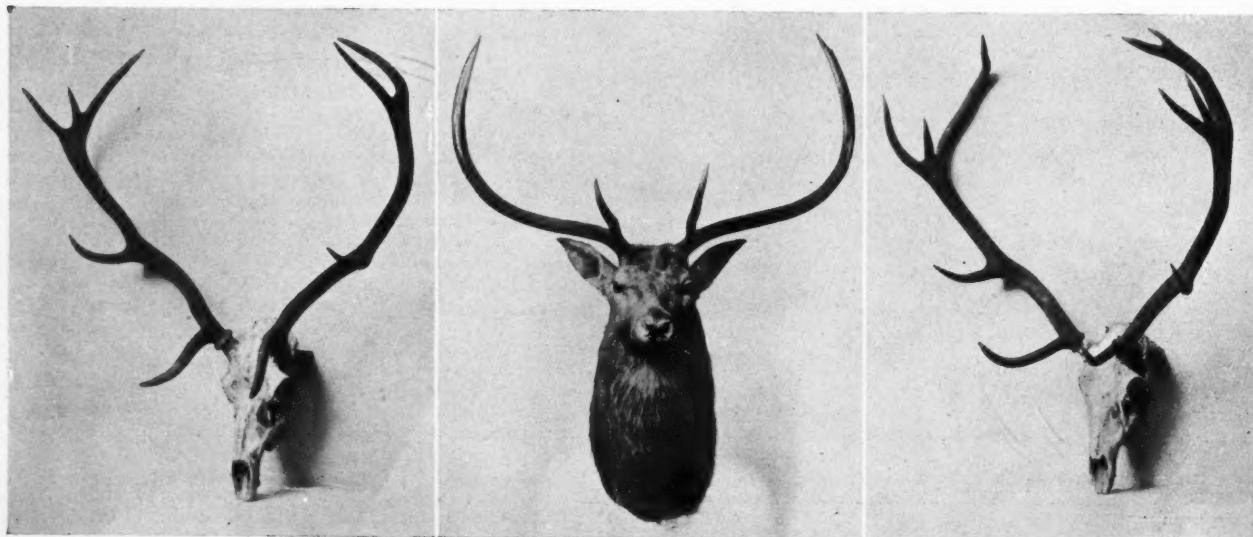
At Killilan and Glomach 40 stags were killed, the average weight being 15st., and the heaviest beasts 17st. 2lb. and 17st. 1lb. Deer were very late in coming into condition (one stag was seen in velvet on October 9th), and the forest was very lightly shot in the early part of the season, which ended on October 11th. The best head was a 10-pointer shot by Mr. Edgar Wills, of which I give measurements.

At Patt and Riochan Colonel Haig killed 20 stags. The best head was a 10-pointer with wide spread, the stag weighing 19st. 5lb. The next heaviest was 18st. 11lb. Deer were late and the weather during the latter part of the season was very fine.

At Fasnakyle Colonel Clarke killed 67 stags, averaging 14st. 10lb. The heaviest beast was 18st. 3lb., and the best heads were two royals and an 11-pointer. Deer were late and



GLENAVON, SIR IAN WALKER. Points, 5 + 5. GLENQUOICH, MR. C. WILLIAMS. Points, 3 + 3. CAENLOCHAN, MAJOR S. J. GREEN. Points, 5 + 5. NORTH MORAR, MR. E. H. SECKER. Points, 7 + 6.



BRAULEN, MR. H. WELD-BLUNDELL. Points, 5 + 4.

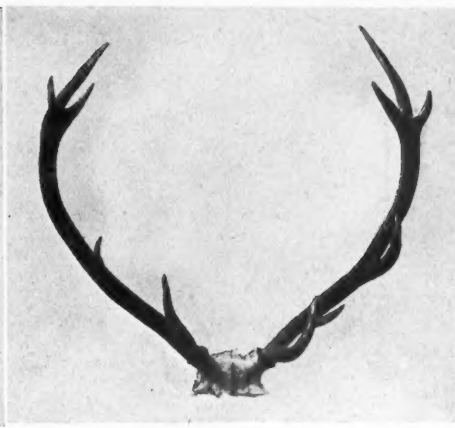
AFFARIC, CAPTAIN DUGDALE. SWITCH.

KNOYDART, MR. A. S. BOWLBY. Points, 5 + 6.





STRONTIAN, CAPT. J. HAMILTON LEIGH.  
Points, 5 + 5.



KINGAIRLOCH, LIEUT.-COL. G. A. STRUTT.  
Points, 5 + 6.



GARRYGUALACH, MR. C. F. SCHWERDT.  
Points, 7 + 7.

the weather was very good throughout the season. The heads of deer from the high ground were particularly bad.

At Tulchan Mr. Sydney Loder got 40 stags, averaging 15st. 4lb., the heaviest being 17st. 10lb. The best head was a 10-pointer shot by Major Green, of which I give measurements. Deer were very late, and it was the worst season for mist ever known in this forest. Mr. Loder sends an interesting note. "I saw a golden eagle chasing a half-size stag. The stag was quite beat and fell into a hole, but the eagle, instead of going to finish it off, flew away. I saw the stag later pick himself up and go off."

At Glencarron 40 stags averaged 14st. 8lb., the heaviest being 19st. 4lb. Three 10-pointers and two royals were killed, but this, being the first season of Lady Evelyn Cobbold's occupancy, only a few good stags were killed at the end of the season, the main object being to get rid of switches and malforms. Deer were late and the weather on the whole was good.

On Ben Hee and Corriekinloch Mr. Stanley Garton killed 40 stags, averaging 15st. 11lb. The three heaviest beasts were 18st. 4lb., 17st. 12lb. and 17st. 10lb. The two best heads were a 6-pointer and an 8-pointer. Deer were very late and the weather was good. "Up to October 12th hinds were scattered all over the ground in small lots with no stags near them. On the other hand, heavy stags lost condition early."

In the forest of Gaick Mr. R. Hargreaves killed 43 stags, averaging 15st. 9lb., the heaviest being 19st. 12lb. Deer were very early, stalking finishing on October 9th and being much hampered by mist. Weights were a good deal above the average, but nothing like a decent head was seen.

At Mamore Capt. Frank Bibby killed 76 stags, averaging 15st. The two heaviest beasts, both killed on the same day, weighed 19st. and 18st. 8lb. Stags, though backward in the early part of the season, came on rapidly and were mostly very fat. The wind, generally speaking, was bad, and greatly affected some parts of the forest. Captain Bibby shot about 60 stags to his own rifle. I append measurements of his best head. Two hummels were killed.

At Invergarry Mr. Wythes killed 55 stags, averaging 14st. 9lb. (clean). The heaviest were 18st. 7lb., 17st. 7lb. (three) and 17st. A 13-pointer and two 11-pointers were the best heads. Deer were very late and stalking was much hampered by mist in September. The following shows the heads killed:

Points	13	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	Switch.	Hummel.
	1	4	5	8	18	5	8	1	1	3	1

At Glenfeshie 55 stags averaged 14st. 10lb. (clean), the three heaviest being 17st. 9lb., 16st. 9lb. and 16st. 7lb. A 13-pointer and a 12-pointer (four on each top) were the best heads. I give measurements of the former. Deer were quite ten days late, and there was an unusual amount of mist.

At Torridon only a few stags were killed (12), though it would stand three times the number. They averaged 14st. 10lb. The heaviest beasts were 17st. 7lb. and 16st. 6lb., the best head being a 10-pointer. Deer were early and the weather was wet and misty.

At Braulen, of which Mr. H. Weld-Blundell was tenant, 74 stags were killed, averaging 16st. The heaviest beasts were 19st. 9lb., 18st. 4lb., 18st. 2lb. and 18st. The best head was a 9-pointer, of which I give measurements. As a rule horns were not as good as in 1921. Deer were a fortnight late in coming into condition and the weather was good throughout the season. The average weight is a record for the forest. Deer are not fed at all. It may interest bird-lovers to know that forty snow buntings were seen on October 16th.

At Coignafearn 70 stags were killed, averaging about 15½st., the heaviest being 19st. 4lb. No exceptional heads were killed and brow points were particularly weak. Stags were late in coming to hinds, though the majority were well forward in the early part of the season. On the other hand, some were very late, and one or two were seen still in velvet in the early part of October.

Achnacarry, Lochiel's famous home, was tenanted by Captain Portman. Seventy stags were killed with the fine average weight of 16st. 3½lb. The heaviest weighed, respectively, 18st. 9lb., 18st. 8lb., 18st. 7lb. and one 18st. A very strong 10-pointer was the best head, and a good 11-pointer, a 9-pointer and a royal also carried fine horns. The best span was 32½ins. Deer were early and the weather was fine for the greater part of the season. The best day's bag was on Fruichmore on October 9th, when three stags were killed weighing 18st., 17st. 7lb. and 17st.

On Glenkingie, well known for the fine heads it produced during Mr. Christie's tenancy, 29 stags were killed, averaging 16st. The heaviest beasts were 18st., 17st. 10lb., 17st. 6lb., 17st. 5lb., 17st. 2lb., 16st. 11lb. and 16st. 9lb. One of the best heads killed for several years was a royal with strong horn and good spread. A good 11-pointer was also killed. Stags were late in breaking out and the stalking was only let for a month with a reduced limit. The usual bag is 40. This fine bit of ground, marching with some of the best forests in Scotland—Knaydart, Glenquoich, Barrisdale and Achnacarry—is to let next season, as also is the latter forest.

On Achdaluie 21 stags averaged 15st. 9½lb., the heaviest beasts being 18st. 9lb., 18st. 6lb. and 18st. 3lb. The best heads were a 13-pointer and an 11-pointer. The first roar was heard on September 9th, stags were early but hinds late in coming into condition. The wind was north until the third week in September, which drew deer off the ground, and there was a good deal of mist and haze for the last ten days of the season.

At Inverloch 12 stags were killed, averaging 15st. The two heaviest were a royal and a 10-pointer, weighing 19st. and 18st. 7lb. They were both good heads, and a 10-pointer with a good span and cups was killed. Deer were late and stalking suffered from changeable wind and mist.

On Arisaig 25 stags averaged 15st. 9lb. The heaviest were 18st. 7lb., 17st. 10lb., 17st. 5lb. and 17st. 4lb. A good 8-pointer with thick, strong horn and a nicely shaped 9-pointer were the best heads. Deer were comparatively early and were always unsettled owing to changeable winds. The weather was mild.

At Killiechornate 45 stags averaged 15st. 10lb., the heaviest being 18st. Heads were better than last year, a 13-pointer and a royal being the best. Deer were late and stalking was much interfered with by mist.

At Glendessary 33 stags averaged 16st. 4lb., the heaviest being 19st. 7lb. Two good royals were killed. Deer were early and the weather was good. Lord Belper's tenancy has come to an end and Glendessary is to let next season. Bearing in mind the good 9-pointer which was killed last year and the fine royal of 1920, some good heads should be killed there in the future.

At Meoble and Letter Morar 58 stags averaged 15st. 4lb. (clean). The heaviest stag was 18st. 10lb., and the best head was an 8-pointer. Deer were early, and though the weather was bad in the early part of the season, it improved later, but stalking was interfered with by east wind and mist. Heads were not so good as usual, and Sir Berkeley Sheffield did not get anything to equal the good 11-pointer of last year.

At Glenfinnan, Major Soames and Major Courtauld (who also had Arisaig) killed 57 stags, averaging 15st. 5lb. The heaviest stags were 19st. 5lb., 17st. 12lb. (3), 17st. 10lb., 17st. 5lb. and 17st. A strong 11-pointer with good double horns, a 13-pointer and three good 10-pointers were the best heads. Deer were generally in good condition, but fully a week late. The weather was fine, though there was occasional mist.

From Wyvis there is nothing of special interest to report.

At Knaydart 73 stags averaged 15st. 4lb. Of the best head I give measurements.

At Corriemoney 17 stags averaged 15st. One hummel was killed and no specially good heads were seen.

Balmacaan was, for the first time for over forty years, without a tenant, and only a few bad stags were killed.

At Kinlochewe 82 stags averaged 13st. The two heaviest beasts were 17st. Two 11-pointers were killed and deer were late, while heads suffered from scarcity of good feeding early in the summer. One head had a tip to tip measurement of 39in., but was otherwise not remarkable.

At Kildermorie 38 and at Dibiedale 37 stags were killed, averaging 14st. 9lb. The heaviest stags were 18st. 6lb. and 16st. 7lb. A 9-pointer with good tops was the best head. Deer were very late and, as elsewhere, weights were good and heads poor.

At Invershiel 10 stags were killed.

At Abernethy 34 stags averaged 14st. 9lb., the heaviest being 17st. 10lb. Deer were late and no good heads were killed. The weather was fine, but the wind was bad for stalking.

At Glenmuick 76 stags averaged 14st. (clean). Two royals were among the best heads, and deer were early. Like many other places in this part of Scotland, stalking suffered owing to a great deal of mist.

At Glentanar 57 stags averaged 13st. 10lb. (clean), the heaviest stag being 17st. 4lb. The best head was a 10-pointer, and deer were at least ten days later than in an ordinary season. The weather was very wet and misty for the greater part of the stalking season.

At Glendoe 35 stags averaged 15st., the heaviest being 18st. 9lb., 18st., 17st. 7lb. and 16st. 6lb. A royal, two 11-pointers and a 10-pointer were the best heads killed, the former being the best. The weather was misty in September and deer were very late.

At Forest Lodge Sir James Bell killed 80 stags, though no heads of particular interest were shot.

At Inversanda 24 stags were killed, and at Ardgour 20. Weights were about the average, and no particularly good heads were killed.

At Fannich Mr. Watney killed 80 stags. The best heads were two royals, an 11-pointer and a 10-pointer. One of the royals measured 34½ins., but on the whole heads were not good. The heaviest stag was 19st., and the average weight just under 15st.

At Corrour 27 stags averaged 14st. 2lb. (clean), the heaviest being 17st. 4lb. Two 10-pointers were the best heads. Deer were late. This forest was only shot for a few weeks, as might be expected from the small number of stags killed.

At Invermark 72 stags averaged 14st. 7lb. (clean), the heaviest being 16st. 8lb. A royal, shot by Lord Ramsay, was the best head. Deer were about a fortnight late, and though heads were poor, stags were in very good condition.

At Glen Mazeran 17 stags averaged 16st. 7½lb., and no good heads were killed.

At Inverinate 17 stags were killed.

At Affaric 80 stags averaged 15st. 8½lb., the heaviest a 10-pointer of 20st. 7lb. Among other good heads killed, besides those I have mentioned, was a nice 11-pointer killed by the Hon. E. Furness.

At Inchbae, on that part of the ground which goes with the lodge (part goes with Strathvaich), 24 stags averaged between 15st. and 16st. One royal was killed, but no heads of special interest.

At Cozac 40 stags averaged 15st. 10lb. Two good 10-pointers were respectively 32ins. and 30ins. in span.



BLACKMOUNT, EARL OF DURHAM.

Points, 6 + 6.

The north side of Benula was unlet and only a few odd stags were killed. Part of South Benula was let to Dr. Leggett. Sixteen stags were killed, averaging 16st. No good heads were shot.

At Scatwell Sir William Cross got 32 stags, averaging 14st. 7lb., the heaviest being 16st. An 11-pointer was the best head, and other good ones were three 8-pointers and two 10-pointers. Deer were late and the weather was wet and stormy practically throughout the season.

At Garrygualach 23 stags averaged 16st. 4lb. The heaviest stag was a 9-pointer weighing 22st. 12lb. This, so far as I am aware, is the heaviest stag killed this season. The Duke of Sutherland killed a 10-pointer of 22st. 2lb. at Benarmine, and two others at Dunrobin weighing 22st. 2lb. and 21st. 6lb. The best head killed by Mr. Schwerdt is the 14-pointer of which I give measurements. Its weight was 16st. 7lb. Deer were ten days late. The weather was mostly fine.

A good head, I believe, was killed at Torridon, but I have no particulars of it.

On North Cluanie 19 stags, averaging between 15st. and 16st., were killed, the heaviest being 19st. 8lb.; there were two over 18st. and three of over 17st. The number included two royals.

At Glenfiddich 18 stags averaged 14st. 2lb., the heaviest being 15st. 12lb. Deer were late. Owing to the very large stock of grouse, stalking rather suffered. The best heads I have already alluded to.

To come to the islands, Jura forest was not let this season, so only old and poor stags were killed, though some good heads were seen.

In North Jura, Lord Astor killed 98 stags. (In 1921, 134; and 1920, 175 stags were killed.) The bag included 5 stags over 20st., 24 stags between 20st. and 17st., 50 stags between 17st. and 15st., and 19 under 15st. Four were royals, five were 11-pointers and fifteen were 10-pointers. An 11-pointer—16st. 6lb.—was the best head with good tops. Deer were early in condition, but late in going to the hinds. The weather was good. The feeding has been considerably improved by draining, burning, and pasturing cattle, etc. Several cromie heads were seen. The stalking season was much curtailed owing to the political situation.

At Glenforsa (Mull) Captain MacLeod of Cadboll killed a very pretty 10-pointer with thick rough horn.

In North Harris Sir Samuel Scott killed 105 stags, averaging 13st. 1lb. (well above an ordinary season). The heaviest beast was 15st. No good heads were killed, but one curious one had three distinct horns with eight points. Deer were late and were backward in the early part of the season, but soon picked up when the weather improved.

Several good roe heads were killed this year, and I hope to deal with these at some future date. Mr. Roger Cross killed two very good heads at Westerton, and an 11in. head was killed at Montcoffer.

The Affaric switch was not completed when the photograph was taken, and I am much indebted to Mr. Macpherson of Inverness for his assistance in enabling me to have it done; also to Mr. William MacLeary for much help in preparing this article; to Mr. Spicer of Leamington for the photographs and measurements of many of the best heads received by him during the season; and to various gentlemen for information with which they have kindly supplied me.

Locality.	Points.	Length.	Beam.	Span.	Owner.	Remarks.
Knoydart ..	5 + 6	37	4½	28	A. S. Bowlby ..	Four points on left top with a small excrescence which might have been a point. Good shape, and the right top very fine. Evidently a very old stag.
Blackmount ..	6 + 6	36	4½	28½	Earl of Durham ..	*
Glenquoich ..	3 + 3	35½	4½	30½	C. Williams ..	*
Glenavon ..	5 + 5	35½	4½	31½	Sir Ian Walker ..	*
Braulen ..	5 + 4	34½	4½	31½	H. Weld-Blundell ..	A nice wild head, rather spoilt by the straight brows.
Caenlochan ..	5 + 5	34½	4½	27½	Major S. J. Green ..	*
Fannich ..	6 + 6	34½	4½	28½	O. Watney ..	*
Glenfiddich ..	5 + 5	34	5	30	R. H. McCurdy ..	A very pretty head, with good tops and strong horn. Bays weak.
Kingairloch ..	5 + 6	33½	4½	27½	Lt.-Col. G. A. Strutt ..	*
Strontian ..	5 + 5	33½	4½	28½	Capt. J. Hamilton Leigh ..	A beautiful head of good shape, with very graceful wild tops. The only blemish is rather a weak point on the left top.
Glenfeshie ..	7 + 6	33½	5	25½	Col. Currie ..	A strong, rough, wild head, rather marred by the brows.
Affaric ..	5 + 6	33½	3½	27	Lord Furness ..	Rather spoilt by the thin horn and poor lower points.
Mamore ..	5 + 5	33½	4	26½	F. Bibby ..	Pretty shape and good tops, 11in. brows.
Guisachan ..	5 + 6	33½	5	27	F. N. Bell ..	A strong, rough, wild head of good type.
Affaric ..	2 + 2	33½	4½	35½	Capt. Dugdale ..	Thick horn and remarkable span. A handsome head. There is a short point on the left top.
Langwell ..	6 + 7	33	4½	24	Duke of Portland ..	A fine head with thick horn.
Glenfiddich ..	6 + 4	33	4½	29	R. Cumming ..	Strong horn, but rather weak in the lower points.
Killilan ..	6 + 4	33	4½	29	E. M. Wills ..	A very pretty wild head. Nice tops.
Benmore (Assynt) ..	5 + 4	32	4½	33½	Sir C. Ross ..	A strong wild head.
Garrygualach ..	7 + 7	30	4	25	C. F. G. R. Schwerdt ..	A very symmetrical, pretty head. The lower points are rather short.

#### ISLAND HEADS.

Glenforsa (Mull)	5 + 5	32½	4½	27½	Capt. Macleod of Cadboll	A very pretty head with strong rough horn.
------------------	-------	-----	----	-----	--------------------------	--

\* I have not seen these heads.



## NEW CLUBS FOR OLD

THE other day in a friend's house I chanced upon a book I should very much like to have stolen. It was a boys' encyclopædia or compendium (I forget which) of sports and games. It had been presented to my friend about the year 1885 and bore an inscription on the first page from a godmother or a valuable uncle.

I was first attracted to the book through some argument arising about the length of a lawn tennis court. We looked it up accordingly and discovered that no definite rules could be laid down upon the point because it all depended on how much ground was available for play. This seemed so promising that we instantly turned to the page on Golfing, and were well repaid. "Golfing," said the learned author, "is played with a club and ball. The club is curved and massive towards the end. This knob is formed for strength. The handle is bound with cord, list or velvet." That passage can hardly, I think, have been written even in the dark ages of 1884, when the book was published. I think the lexicographer was, as Dr. Johnson described him, "a harmless drudge" and not a golfer and that he cribbed his description from some older work. I am still more sure that the illustrator was no golfer, for his drawing of the curved and massive club was much more like one of a prehistoric hockey stick. To have attempted to hit a ball with it would almost certainly have been, as my author suggested, to "bury it in a soft and sandy soil by a severe blow on the top."

After dealing with the weapons the author went on to describe the ground on which the game is played. "Some," he said, "are nearly square, in which case a hole is made in each corner." In case of getting into difficulties some degenerate persons picked out and threw the ball up in the air for the loss of a stroke, but this custom was not universal: "in some clubs it can never be touched with the hand until holed." Indeed, the author did not approve, I am sure, of this contemptible lifting of the ball, for he pointed out that the difficulty could generally be overcome by one club or another, "the attendant cad having usually many varieties to suit every peculiarity under which the ball may be placed."

I love that picture of the "attendant cad" with his wares for every emergency. I imagine him saying, like a shopwalker, "Cart-ruts, sir? Yes, sir, here is a very choice article which I think you will find suitable. It is much used on the golfing grounds at St. Andrews in Scotland and is considered indispensable by the best players. The knob, as you will perceive, is very strong and heavy, and is set at such an angle as to eject the ball from any cart-rut. I can strongly recommend it, sir." I was so well pleased with this fancy portrait that I could not get it out of my head. I came to the conclusion that I wanted some more clubs myself, suited to certain peculiarities. So I made myself a Christmas—or rather, a New Year's—present of a couple.

One of them was comparatively dull. It was only a mashie-niblick. This seems to me an extraordinarily hard club to

get. Everybody I know seems to have an excellent one, but I have been buying mashie-niblicks ever since the war. One corner of my room is full of them, and I always go back in the end to pitching with my bludgeon of a niblick proper. However, that is only by the way. My second present was rather more interesting. I have been meaning to have it made for a long time, and at last I have summoned up the energy to do it. It is not in the least an original club, but it is one comparatively seldom seen which I believe many people would find profitable. It is simply a brassey with a very shallow face, which, I hope, is going to help me to pick the ball up through the green when it lies close. I had a little difficulty in getting it made shallow enough. The great man whom I consulted proposed to make the face one inch deep. I felt dreadfully frightened, but managed somehow or other to stammer out that I should like it still shallower. He was unexpectedly lamb-like and made it only three-quarters of an inch deep; and I never saw a club with a more engaging or helpful countenance. I should add that it is not quite like the "wooden cleeks" now in vogue, being decidedly more powerful and of the same length and lie as my ordinary brassey.

At the time of writing I have used this club but little. Still, the very first shot with it was alone worth the money. How the ball did soar away from that rather muddy, unpromising lie to pitch past the pin and pull up in a few yards. There must have been lots of underspin on it, as is only natural with a shallow face. Whatever happens, that stroke will always be a heavenly memory; but there were several others, too, that were quite reasonably successful, and I feel justified, like the "attendant cad," in recommending it to other people. The club is not particularly lofted—it is the narrowness of the face that does the trick, and it seems to me decidedly easier to play with than a more lofted club having a deeper face. One may see nowadays in any clubmaker's shop all sorts of fascinating little dumpy-headed spoons. They are charming to look at, and I possess one of my own with the appropriate name "Pug" inscribed on its head, for which I feel an old friend's affection. But it has always seemed to me that, for people cursed with an inability to get the ball up into the air, these bulldogs and tobies and pugs—whichever they may be called—are too deep in the face. I would rather have them shallower and less lofted, because when a wooden club is much lofted there is, I think, an instinctive tendency to try to keep the ball down and lurch forward disastrously. The shallow club does the lofting without looking as if it would do it to excess. However, this may be only a morbid notion of my own.

As a postscript I ought, perhaps, to mention the normal depth of the face of a wooden club. I do not know it of my own knowledge, but, seeking it in "Advanced Golf," I find that Braid sets down the depth for a driver face as ranging from 1½ ins. to 1 7-16 ins. So three-quarters of an inch does mean a really shallow face, for every little fraction makes a difference.

BERNARD DARWIN.

## SOME BOOKS OF THE DAY

THE fourth and last volume of Mr. William Beebe's fine *Monograph of the Pheasant* (Witherby, £12 10s.) makes its appearance this week, undeterred by the deadness of the season, and well it may, since the learning displayed in the preceding volumes and the beauty of their illustrations make its welcome assured. Another finely illustrated book, just published, is *The Art of Gerald Moira* (Dickens, 21s.), by Mr. Harold Watkins.

*Ins and Outs of Mesopotamia* (Philpot, 7s. 6d.) is by Mr. Thomas Lyell, who, occupying an official position at Baghdad, has had rare opportunities of studying his subject and makes here a very good use of them.

That interest in boxing which crops up so unexpectedly in the least likely persons will find considerable encouragement in *The Home of Boxing* (Odhams Press, 21s.), by Mr. A. F. Bettinson and Mr. B. Bennison, who have included portraits of many of the heroes of the Ring.

Fiction received includes *The Misty Valley* (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.), a remarkably promising first novel by Miss Joanna Cannan, daughter of the late Dean of Trinity; *A Wreath of Stars* (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.), a thrilling story by Miss Louise Gerard; *The Scarlet Tanager* (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.), by J. Aubrey Tyson, who writes not of ornithology, but of members of the American Secret Service on the track of a mysterious and well-nigh omnipotent criminal; and *The Island God Forgot* (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Charles B. Stilson and Mr. Charles Beahan, which will entertain readers who do not stickle too much for reality.

The pleasant practice of publishing a new play quite soon after its first night seems to be growing. Mr. Sutro's play at the New Theatre, *The Great Well*, is issued by Messrs. Duckworth and Co. (3s.); and another that may almost come under the same heading is *Polly, an Opera*, by Mr. Gay, now freely adapted by Clifford Bax (Chapman and Hall, 2s. 6d.), being the revised version of Gay's sequel to the "Beggar's Opera" as now being given at the Kingsway Theatre.

*The Cynic's Cyclopædia* (Hutchinson, 5s.) is an anthology, chosen from the point of view indicated by the title and remarkably well got up. *Christians ad Leonas!* (The Anglo-Hellenic League) has also been received; and *The Deeside Field* (Rosemont Press, Aberdeen, 2s. 6d.), a very well illustrated collection of the papers of the Deeside Field Club, edited by A. Macdonald and J. B. Phillip, and of interest to many outside the area from which it takes its title.

Among books of reference might be included *Electricity in Agriculture* (Pitman, 2s. 6d.), for Mr. Arthur H. Allen has really achieved a useful handbook of his subject; *The Sports Handbook*, 1923 (R.A. and R.C.A. Sports Control Boards); and *Debrett's Peerage, Baronage, Knightage and Com-*

*panionage*, 1923 (Dean and Son, 75s.), edited by Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige. *Chacun a son goût* is never more true than in connection with books of reference, and I must confess to a very strong taste for "Debrett." Perhaps it arises from the fact that it is so easy to consult, offering every piece of information just where something leads me to expect to find it and in the simplest and clearest language. "Debrett" has become a word in our tongue which seems to mean something more than the title of a book of reference; it stands for a ruling that is not to be questioned—an authority which is almost inhumanly infallible. "Debrett" for 1923 is just what each of its forerunners has been, and there is little more to be said.

The leisure of the dead season provides an opportunity to take up for further consideration a book or two submerged a while in the autumn spate. In *December Love*, by Mr. Robert Hichens (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), I seem to have missed a good thing. Having, more years ago than, looking backward, seems quite probable, deliberately chosen Mr. Hichens' technique as a model for first attempts at fiction, to find that technique in his latest novel still all that a juvenile preference imagined it, is a personal pleasure. Wider reading may have extended the scale at both ends, but Mr. Hichens still stands where he did. *December Love* is the story of a woman who, late in life, hungered for the love of youth. Lady Sellingsworth had been married twice and was sixty years old, but it is not at all inconceivable, even so, that she might have attracted the affection of a young man and held it, for a while at least. Such things have happened all through history and are happening to-day. Mr. Keble Howard's *King of the Castle* (Arrowsmith, 7s. 6d.) was the next to attract my eye. Here, as in his play *Sweet William* (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.), and, in fact, in almost everything that he writes, what particularly marks his work out is the excellence of his dialogue. The play errs a little, perhaps, in concentrating on character to the neglect of idea; but for the novel Mr. Howard has created a really original plot, exploited with a sure eye to its possibilities and making a story as fanciful as we like his work to be, but not in the least flimsy. A book of short stories *About Life* (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Basil Watson, though not by any means great literature, is certainly amusing reading; and *Dry Fish and Wet* (Gyldendal, 7s. 6d.) comes from a publisher whose books are always worth serious attention. It is translated from the Norwegian of Elias Kroemmer by Mr. W. Worcester and deals with life in a seaport town in an amusing fashion that is never merely farcical. *Little David* (Palmer, 7s. 6d.) is not so excellent as Mr. Robert Stuart Christie's first novel, "The House of the Beautiful Hope," but has something of the same charm and originality to recommend it.

S.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## A CAMBRIDGESHIRE VILLAGE CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am grateful for the sympathetic article on the Church of Duxford St. John which appeared in your issue of December 23rd. I visited this church three months ago and found its condition just as described. It was a strange sight, this ancient and beautiful fane almost completely furnished for divine worship, yet strewn with filth and desolate in its neglect. It appeared to me that a very moderate expenditure would safeguard the building and restore it to decency and order. Its present condition is a scandal to the Church at large, to say nothing of the authorities immediately concerned. I have no connection with the parish or with the county, and my "mite" can only be a small one, but it is ready whenever the work is put in hand.—J. A.

## ELIZABETHAN FURNITURE IN WALNUT WOOD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I gather from your correspondents, under the above heading, that any difference of opinion there may be with each other or with me does not amount to more than a shade. Mr. Symonds' present opinion "that the greater part of the walnut furniture of the England of Elizabeth's time was either imported or was made in this country by alien hands," seems to tally very much with that which I expressed over a year ago. "All ordinary furniture for ordinary people was certainly of oak, so were many fine pieces for wealthy folk. But all who wanted to be very much to the fore, and could pay for it, certainly appear to have possessed themselves of one or more pieces of walnut furniture of home or foreign manufacture." There was importation of walnut wood, of walnut pieces, probably, even, of walnut workers. But there were also English workers in this wood, influenced of course, as is true of all English decorative art, by foreign models and craftsmen, yet producing, altogether or partly of walnut, pieces of furniture closely resembling what they were producing in oak. What I now want to enquire is, how are we to define an English piece as opposed to a foreign piece? A piece made in and imported from the Continent is, of course, to be classed as foreign. But is a piece made in England, yet due to a foreign designer or craftsman, to be called English or foreign? It appears to me that Mr. Symonds calls it foreign if made in 1600, but implies that it is English if made in 1700, for he classes as English walnut furniture of Daniel Marot origin, but as foreign the whole of Bess of Hardwick's walnut furniture and also the Rotherwas panelling. He admits they were made in England, but asserts that they were the product of "alien hands," because, in his opinion, they "have nothing in character" with English examples. With that opinion I cannot concur. The Rotherwas panelling in walnut uses very much of the general arrangement and of the various motifs that we find in oak examples, such as in the drawing-room at Lyme Hall. The lower half in either case is a scheme of panel within panel, the upper ones of enriched arcading with sections separated by column or pilaster. At Hardwick some of the walnut pieces have much of the English manner, and even the more ambitious examples, such as the drawtable with the heraldic beast supports and strong French flavour, may nevertheless be included in the English fold. Failing clear proof to the contrary, I would not set aside Mr. Macquoid's suggestion that it may well have been made "by some of the foreign and English men working together in the employment of Bess of Hardwick."—H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## JOHN WREFORD BUDD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A few days before Christmas there passed away, from an illness following a hunting accident, Mr. John Wreford Budd, a well known lawyer and a great lover of field sports. Of an old West Country family, he was born at Plymouth on December 10th, 1838. His father, Dr. John Wreford Budd, an eminent Plymouth physician, was well known in the first half of last century. Mr. Budd was educated at the Plymouth Grammar School, and took the Joan Bennett Scholarship, which enabled him to go to Pembroke College, Cambridge. He was a Wrangler, took honours

in classics, and was made a Fellow of his college. While at Cambridge he kept a horse, and when he left sold him for more than he gave for him. On coming down from the Varsity he took up law and soon made his way, and for many years was one of the leading men in his profession in the City of London. But it was to all sports, hunting especially, that he was most attached, and as soon as he could spare the time started hunting with the Queen's Buck Hounds and the Puckeridge. Some fifty years ago he went down to the West and hunted with the Devon and Somerset Stag hounds, and soon after took Combe Park, Lynton, where he has resided ever since. He has always been a regular supporter of the Devon and Somerset Stag hounds, and saw much sport with Nicholas Snow with the Stars of the West, now the Exmoor Fox Hounds. A light weight, good hands, a good judge of a horse and an eye for country made him one of the best men over Exmoor, and even this last season, in his eighty-fourth year, if a stag was killed he was always in at the finish, having seen most of the hunt. For thirty-five years he hunted with the Pytchley, keeping his horses at Rugby, and there, too, he was always to the fore, and saw as much of a good thing as many a man less than half his years. He did not confine himself to hunting, but for many years went to Scotland to shoot grouse and to fish. He was not only a salmon fisher, but also a dry-fly fisherman of no mean merit. He was also a good shot at pheasants. His mental and bodily powers were wonderful. He would work in the train when running down to Rugby to hunt with the Pytchley, do a hard day's hunting, work all the way up to London and also when he got back, and then play billiards (at which game he was very proficient) till quite late in the evening. His geniality and kindheartedness made him a favourite with all classes, and his presence will be very much missed both in the Pytchley country and on Exmoor. He was buried in the pretty churchyard at Brendon, a large number of people being present from all parts of the moor, and he lies in the heart of the country he loved so much. His widow, a daughter of the Rev. George Skinner, at one time Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and three daughters survive him.—W. W.

## STAR WEED ON PUTTING GREENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I read with interest a letter in COUNTRY LIFE on this subject and Mr. Macdonald's comments. As he mentions our greens at Pennard, you may like to hear of our experience. It is only reasonable that clubs should publish for the benefit of others any success they may have obtained in fighting any of the many difficulties that the greenkeeper is up against. The plantain that grows at Pennard has a tap root that goes down as deep as 6ins. in the fully developed plants. It grows with the greatest rapidity and if left alone soon invades the whole of a green, pitting it in a very unsightly manner and eventually squeezing out all the finer grass roots. As is generally known, these weeds lie low and flower below the general surface of the green. No mowing machine touches them, so that they spread without any check and spread at an amazing pace. Of course there are many varieties of plantain, but the one that grows at Pennard is a pest of the most villainous dye—if any course grows a worse type the green committee are to be sympathised with. During war time, with only one small boy available for work on the greens, the plantains got the upper hand, and it was soon evident that things had gone too far to be remedied by the usual hand weeding. The disastrous drought of 1921 made matters far worse, and it was apparent that some drastic measures would have to be taken. It must be mentioned that some applications of reputed had been tried and the advice of other experts adopted with but little success previous to Mr. James Macdonald's first visit in September, 1921. The first application of his weed eradicator was only partially successful, but a second consignment which he sent us later on, evidently a much more potent mixture, did its work in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Now, after an interval of nearly twelve months, we may say with confidence that the plantain has to all intents and purposes been eradicated from the greens. Of course a few plants crop up here and there, but these are easily dealt with by hand. Where weeds of this sort are indigenous to the soil a constant look-out must be kept and the plants removed before they have had time to

seed. It must not be lost sight of that such a destructive dressing as the one we applied produces an effect which is apt to be quite alarming to the uninitiated. It appears as if every living thing on the green had been demolished. But the grass is only superficially blackened, the roots are not damaged, and in a short time the surface grass recovers completely. The *modus operandi* is easily understood. What is beneficial in small quantities is often destructive in bulk. Take strychnine, for instance. In small doses it proves an excellent tonic, but take a thimbleful and you will be off to a place to which a golf ball has never yet been driven. Being cup-shaped on the surface, plantains and all such-like weeds retain a big dose, while any application readily slides off the upright grass blades and goes into the soil to act as a fertiliser. This is a plain record of our experiences at Pennard. There seems to be no reason why green committees who find themselves in similar trouble should not get equally good results by following on similar lines. Of this I am certain—it is useless to play about with star weed.—EDGAR REID, Hon. Sec., Pennard Golf Club.

## HISTORIC REGENT STREET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The interesting illustration which accompanies Mr. C. Hussey's letter on Nash's house in Lower Regent Street, in your issue of December 16th, will serve to remind original members of both the Constitutional and Junior Constitutional Clubs that these great and successful undertakings were started in those rooms at No. 14, Regent Street, which earlier still were the scene of a very noted London attraction, namely, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, with Mr. Corney Grain at the piano. They afterwards went to St. George's Hall, next to the Queen's Hall, at the northern end of Regent Street. An official advertisement foreshadows the pending demolition of another West End landmark, the most elegant, suitable and dignified corner premises in all London, namely, No. 115, Regent Street, at the corner of Vigo Street. This building marks the termination of the great curve of Nash's Quadrant, and (seen from the eastern side of the thoroughfare) shows the great advantage in appearance of a group of buildings planned in agreement with their environment. All interested in Old London should take an opportunity of looking again at this passing but beautiful phase of city development in Georgian times.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

## SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPLE AT HAMPTON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In answer to your enquiry as to local feeling regarding the proposed misuse of "The Temple" on the river lawn of Garrick's Villa, the matter was fully discussed some time ago by the Urban District Council here, and there was a strong feeling, I understand, against the proposal. This found expression in the Council's refusal to authorise the conversion of the building into a dwelling-place, as it did not conform to their building regulations, and they did not consider it suitable for habitation. I hear that an appeal has been made from their decision to the Ministry of Health, and that this body, after considering the Council's recommendations, proposes (so I am informed) to override their decision and to authorise the proposed conversion. I feel sure that many here will rejoice if the projected abuse of a historic building can be prevented.—E. E. CHARLES.

[The proposed additions to the Temple take the form of an irregular block, to the right of the Temple, one storey high, containing four bedrooms, a bathroom and a kitchen, with a flat roof 11ft. above the floor of the Temple. The front of this block would be flush with the portico. Thus the additions would be invisible from the south. We understand that the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has asked to be allowed to advise the owner and as far as possible to prevent permanent harm being done to the original part, pending a day when the Hampton Urban District Council could buy the building—using a representation of it as they do on their seal. So far the owner has treated the Society's letter as impertinent intrusion, and left it unanswered. We thoroughly sympathise with the owner's quandary and hope that publication of these facts will stir public opinion to relieve the owner of the burden of upkeep, or, failing that, the acceptance of the Society's gratuitous assistance.—Ed.]





JACK SIGHTS THE RAT.

STIRRING UP THE ENEMY.

JUST OUT OF REACH.

CHEESE!

"JACK."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Jack is a magpie which has been tamed from the nest, but always allowed complete freedom, and lives a normal wild life. He is therefore a rarity. His chief ambition in life appears to be to hide things, especially food. He will pick up a number of small stones, crumbs or other larger articles, and carry them in a pouch at the base of his beak. He then flies or runs off to find places into which he can put them. Cracks in the ground, places under stones or at the roots of plants are very popular with him; and in hiding the pieces he makes use of his beak as a kind of funnel to guide them into holes, pushing them into place with his tongue. After depositing his treasures he covers over the hiding places by putting tufts of grass, dead leaves or stones in the holes, according to the nature of the surrounding ground. I cannot say if he ever finds all his treasures again, but no doubt some of them are remembered, as I have seen him digging them out. He loves to hop about one's person and tuck things down one's collar or up one's sleeve. He is delighted if only he can find a match-box, open it and scatter its contents. But I think the most interesting performance that he has given us was his game with a rat in the garden. We had placed some food outside for the bird, and Jack was busy burying some of this, when a rat appeared upon the scene and went straight for a spot Jack had just left. He saw the rat and rushed back to drive him away.

Then began the fun (a performance we had already seen once or twice before) and a sight which must indeed be unique. Jack danced round the rat, seeming to dare it to attack him, teasing it till its patience was exhausted. Out rushed the rat, off hopped Jack, and backwards and forwards across the lawn, round and round the rose-beds went the two, the rat chasing and jumping, the bird just keeping out of reach by a series of half hopping, half flying movements. Once or twice I was afraid the rat would catch the bird, but he appeared capable of taking care of himself. Then the rat would tire and stop to nibble something or scratch its ear. Jack would wait, then dance round again. Still the rat would not come on. Then Jack would pick up a piece of stick, a stone or a leaf, and, running at the rat, would poke at him with it.

At last the rat's patience becoming exhausted, off he would rush and the whole performance be gone through again. Once or twice Jack actually caught the rat's tail and gave it a tug! Surely this was an unusual sight. One of his clever tricks is to tap at the window for food, and if no answer is obtained, to fly on to the back door knocker, which gives a tap on the door. Usually some food is then obtained as an encouragement

to repeat the trick, which he now often does.—  
LILIAN B. HEAP.

#### OLD AND NEW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You do not very often reproduce photographs from the Colonies, but I hope that the fact that this one was taken in New Zealand will not deter you from making use of it. It shows the detail of a fine piece of Maori carving, and I venture to think that these relics of a dwindling native race, standing cheek by jowl



MAORI CARVING.

as they do with the houses and machinery of a progressive and particularly British race of colonists, have their own extraordinary fascination as one of the dramatic contrasts of the history of the Empire.—  
CHRISTCHURCH.

#### BUFFALO IN KENYA COLONY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the record buffalo shot in September, 1921, by Mr. H. Guinness, who has a farm in Kenya Colony, at the junction of Thika and Tana rivers. The widest spread is 56½ ins. outside, 51½ ins. inside, and breadth of palm 10½ ins. The

photograph is sent by permission of Messrs. Rowland Ward, in whose 1922 edition of "Records of Big Game" it appears.—C.

#### WOODEN EFFIGY IN BRAYBROOKE CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The late S. W. Clay, F.S.A., in his "Extinct and Dormant Peerages of the Northern Counties of England," 1913, gives the following pedigree of Latimer of Danby, Lords Latimer: (1) William de Latimer, of Bellinges, co. York; probably High Sheriff of Yorkshire. (2) John de Latimer, second son, temp. Edward I, married Christiana, daughter and co-heiress of Walter Ledet, Baron Braybrooke of Warden. (3) Thomas Latimer, son of John; died 1334; probably the husband of Maud Swinnerton, and to whom the effigy refers. (4) Thomas, son of Thomas, had Braybrooke, and from him is descended, through the Griffins, the present Lord Braybrooke. The effigy is described and illustrated in A. C. Fryer's "Wooden Monumental Effigies in England and Wales."—  
E. C. K.

#### GULL BRED IN CENTRAL EUROPE RECOVERED IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A short time ago there was reported in the daily Press the recovery of a seagull at Grangetown, near Middlesbrough in North Yorkshire, which bore upon its leg a ring with the superscription "20589, Prag-Bohemia, Lotas." No species was given, but in a private letter the finder informed me that it was a small gull. The ring is one issued by the Royal Hungarian Institute of Ornithology, with headquarters at Budapest, and whose Director is Herr von Jacob Schenk. I have received a letter from this gentleman and also from the actual marker, Herr Kurt Loos of Liboch. The ring should be 20539, not 20589, and was placed on a young Lachmewe or black-headed gull (*Larus redibundus*) in the nest May 25th, 1922, at Liboch, Bohemia or Cechoslovenska (Czecho-Slovakia). As it was recovered in North Yorkshire on September 20th, the bird has made the 500-mile flight in its first year, hatched as it was in May.—  
H. W. ROBINSON.

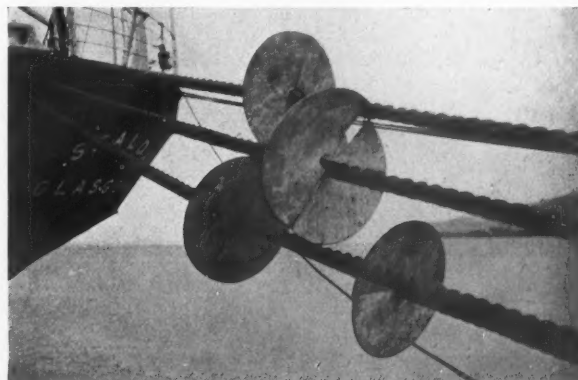
#### SEAFARING RATS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—That rats leave sinking ships is an old saying which carries with it the implication, unfortunately true enough, that they go to sea very regularly in the ones which are to make harbour. Rats on board can do considerable damage, and the method illustrated here, which prevents these undesirable stowaways from either joining or leaving a vessel in port (the hawsers being their special gangways), is now pretty generally adopted. I think the photograph explains itself.—  
L. YEO.



A RECORD BUFFALO HEAD FROM KENYA COLONY.



THE RAT'S GANGWAYS BARRED AGAINST HIM.

# THE FIRST BIG WEEK OF THE YEAR

ITS IMPORTANCE IN RACING.

**I** EXPECT the secretaries to the Jockey Club, Messrs. Weatherby, will agree that this has been a tremendous week at their Registry Office in Cavendish Square. It may, indeed, be the busiest of the whole year, while for flat racing generally it is fraught with much significance and importance. Many races closed for entries on Tuesday last, and they included some of the events which, more than any other, excepting, of course, the classic races, attract widespread attention among all concerned with the business of the breeding and racing of the thoroughbred. One can imagine owners and trainers thinking hard during the last week or two as to what entries to make, whether the good-looking two year old that ceased to be a yearling on Monday last should be entered in the best events or something more modest, and whether the three year old of 1923 should be given the benefit of the doubt and have many opportunities provided for him. They are anxious days since it is so easy to commit those responsible for the entries to heavy liabilities. The initial fee may be small and, therefore, tempting, but then comes another stage, say, in March next, when to leave the horse in a race involves a further liability. The trainer may not know more about a colt or a filly in March than he knows now, which is practically nothing beyond the matter of looks and action when cantering. However, the chances have to be taken.

Among the races which closed last Tuesday, details of which will be known almost at once, were the Lincolnshire Handicap, Liverpool Spring Cup, Queen's Prize at Kempton Park on Easter Monday, the Great Metropolitan Stakes and the City and Suburban at the Epsom Spring Meeting, the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park, the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park on May 12th, the Manchester Cup on May 25th, the Coronation Cup on June 7th (the Derby occurs late this year), the Ascot Gold Cup on June 21st, the King George Stakes at Goodwood on August 1st, and the Gimcrack Stakes at York on August 30th. The Grand National Steeplechase closes on Tuesday next, and it will be most interesting to note whether the increase in the cost to run by exactly 100 per cent. will have the effect of reducing the entry, especially of the "impossibles."

Just by way of showing how far some racecourse executives look ahead, let me note that entries closed this week for two races which are not set to take place until 1926! It is strange but true, and stranger still, perhaps, to some people that the entries are made in respect of horses that are unborn. Take the case of the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood for 1926. It is for the produce of mares now in foal, and is obviously only an event for the rich breeder. It costs him only £3 to make an entry now, but if he adheres to it after October of 1924 his liability is no less than £100 to run or half forfeit, so that should he go past the stage in 1924 his minimum liability will be £50. No wonder this question of entries and forfeits, vast as it is, must be watched with the closest attention unless the squandering of money is a matter of no importance.

Being rather curious as to how the Gratwicke Stakes decided last year had fared in the matter of entries and runners I referred back, and it is interesting to recall now that in 1919 it attracted nineteen entries, of which four were made by Lord Astor. Lord Derby was responsible for three, and it is rather singular that three years later they should be represented in the first three, although there were only three runners! Lord Astor won the race with Tamar at 8 to 1 on, Mr. Jack Joel was second with Stupidity, and Lord Derby third with Fordingbridge. It was a tame ending to three years of cogitation and expectation, but then this class of race would survive only in a country like ours where old associations and traditions are so deeply rooted and esteemed. Perhaps it is as well, and at any rate I took far more enjoyment in seeing Tamar perform this light task than I should have done in an ordinary selling race.

The other race which closed this week, and which is not run until 1926, is the Stud Produce Stakes at Sandown Park, and in this case the nominator names a stallion whose produce shall be able to run as two year olds three years hence. The original cost of entry is only £2, but it would be another story by the time the race was due to be run. For the race which was run last season, sixty-five stallions were subscribed for, representing 194 entries, and at the first forfeit stage 100 went out. However, nine remained to run for the net stake of £1,449, which was captured by Lord Furness' filly Tetragon. She beat Major

McCalmont's Scyphius by a short head. Both first and second were sired by The Tetrarch.

Of course the primary idea in closing races so long before the time they are due to be decided is in order to secure as much money as possible in the matter of entry and forfeit money to make up the guaranteed value of the race. If owners and trainers could wait until much nearer the time they would, of course, know far more about their horses, and entries would not have the same speculative character. They would, of course, be fewer. The policy of executives, therefore, will not be misunderstood, nor the anxiety of owners and trainers in embarking on the speculative entering which culminated this week. One may not object to entries for the Jubilee Stakes and one or two other important handicaps closing now—it is different with the Lincolnshire Handicap, which cannot be influenced by any running in the new season—but I agree with those who cannot see any commonsense in the making of the handicaps and their simultaneous publication. It surely cannot be the wish of the official handicappers.

Of course many of the best known horses in training, perhaps a few that are looked upon at present as having classic pretensions, will be entered for these Spring Handicaps. The Lincolnshire Handicap assumes an importance altogether out of proportion to its intrinsic worth and status because it happens to come in the first week of the season and is naturally made the subject of so much chatter and employment of ink by those scribes who at times may be nonplussed by the poverty of subjects. One gets really tired of the race long before it is due to be run, and regard for it is not improved by the fact that year after year the best backed horses fail and outsiders triumph. The race, indeed, has a melancholy record for those who are attracted by betting, and my advice to those who must bet is to wait until the week of the race, when all will not be pure guesswork.

The Gold Cup entry for Ascot will be examined with much interest. Such is invariably the case, for tradition decrees that the best in the country, as well as the best in France, shall be entered. The fact that no race dries up so much is another matter. Take last year, for instance. There were fifty-seven entries, of which forty-seven faded away, leaving ten to come under the starter's orders. Ten of the original entry were three year olds, but not one went to the post. Four were actually put in by one owner, Mr. Sol Joel. Perhaps he does not want to be reminded of the fate that overtook his horses of that age last year. Of those that ran only one was a classic winner, and that Polemarch, responsible for bringing off a tremendous surprise in winning the St. Leger. He is now in other climes. The rest were only handicappers.

The famous Cup race badly wants restoring to something like its old importance, and we may at least hope for the best in this latest entry, even although it is so sure to show a drying up. Somehow classic winners in modern times do not seem to train on to be Cup horses as four year olds after the manner of, say, Persimmon. No doubt Lord Woolavington has put his Derby winner, Captain Cuttle, in the race, and it would be a great thing to see him stand the necessary hard training so as to win and set a seal on his impressive Derby win of 1922. Of this big horse I have far more hope than confidence at the moment, though I am glad to say he has given nothing but satisfaction since his treatment, which began early in August last and was spread over a considerable time.

This week in January is the week of Big Hopes. The week in which occurs the last Tuesday in March is one of some blighted hopes, and is really a sad time for all but incorrigible optimists, for just as this is the big week for making entries, the other is the big one for the declaration of forfeits. The disappointments, and they are many, must be taken out then. The experience is heart breaking, although again the spirit of speculation asserts itself in the cases of those who are inclined doggedly to hope on. Instances have frequently happened of horses being taken out that have ultimately turned out to be so good that they would surely have triumphed had they been left in. There is the very recent case of Selene. Did not Lord Derby take her out of the Oaks at this first forfeit stage? I do not say she would necessarily have beaten the very honest and good Pogrom, the winner, but I shall always believe that Selene was a wonderfully good little filly, and her absence from the field for the Oaks robbed the event of some genuine interest. PHILIPPOS.



## SHOOTING NOTES

## THE RYPE AND DISEASE.

BY SIR ARTHUR E. SHIPLEY, G.B.E., F.R.S.

THESE are two species of Norwegian game-bird under the popular name rype—the *Lagopus albus*, often referred to as the dal-rype, and the ptarmigan, *Lagopus mutus* or fjeld-rype. The former is regarded by many authorities as but a variety of the red grouse so familiar in Scotland; from this it differs mainly in assuming a white plumage during winter. It may be that it is but a climatic variety of the Scotch bird. The willow grouse, as this bird is sometimes called, inhabits a sub-Arctic zone from Norway across the continents of Europe and Asia, as well as North America from the Aleutian Islands to Newfoundland. It seems to prefer the shrubby growth of berry-bearing plants, which, interspersed with willows and birches, form the vegetation of the higher levels or lower mountain slopes.

The ptarmigan, though fairly common in Scandinavia, is less abundant in Great Britain, haunting only the highest and most barren mountains of Scotland. In Norway the dal-rype is regarded as the most important game bird, on account not only of its numbers, but of its flavour. It is extensively snared in nets during the winter, and dogs are trained to hunt it. The ptarmigan or fjeld-rype frequents the birch-wood regions, though in southern Norway it is frequently found in elevated tracts of the willow zone. Even there it is more abundant in the birch zone, and is very common on the numerous islands off the north coast, where birch and willow are to be met with. On the treeless island of Smölen, however, they occur in numbers, and this is the southernmost limit they reach.

For several years now both species have been tending to disappear, and some twelve or eighteen months ago the authorities in Norway determined to undertake an investigation into the diseases of these birds, working more or less on the same lines as the British Grouse Disease Committee which reported some ten years ago. The Rype enquiry was under the direction of Professor A. Brinkmann of the Zoological Department of the Museum of Bergen, and the Norwegian commission encountered more obstacles than its British prototype when dealing with the red grouse. There were, first of all, great difficulties in getting material. Gamekeepers, who afforded such ready help in the British enquiry, are non-existent in Norway. Hence there was no one to pick up and forward to the laboratory birds found dead on the moors. Again, it proved impossible to get living material, and the search for the second host of the tapeworms which infest the birds could not be carried out. There was, further, a difficulty in getting to the laboratory specimens which had been shot on the moors, as the distances are great and the communications bad. Hence most of the dead birds had to be treated with formalin before reaching the laboratory, and this deprived the researchers of the great benefit of observing the living parasite. The Norwegian investigations have shown, however, that all the parasites we found ten or twelve years ago in the red grouse in Scotland exist in the rype, with one notable exception.

It will be recalled that the British Grouse Disease Commission found that, whereas the young birds died of an infection of a unicellular organism known as *Coccidium*, the matured birds were destroyed by the activities of a threadworm known as *Trichostrongylus pergracilis*. This minute worm, which in the male does not exceed  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. and in the female  $\frac{1}{8}$  in., exists at times in incredible numbers in the cæca of the grouse. Now, the grouse has two cæca, which are each as long as the rest of the alimentary canal, and in these cæca the whole of the digestive processes of the bird are carried on. These threadworms, when they exist in numbers—and as many as 10,000 have been found in one body—destroy the lining membrane of the cæca, inflame it, put it out of action, and prevent the digestive processes being carried out. The bird loses flesh and weight, sickens, and dies.

It is a merciful thing that this scourge of birds has not yet been found in either species of rype: in fact, it does not seem to occur in Norway. But the *Coccidium* does, and a very high percentage of the dal-rype and fjeld-rype are infected by this unicellular parasite which, by infesting the lining cells of the digestive tract put it out of action. The degree of infection varies. Some birds are very strongly infected, while others with a slight infection seem to have been ill but have recovered. The *Coccidium* living in the cells which line the alimentary canal produce an enteritis which in many cases leads to fatal results. It is a common enough parasite, being found in fowls, pigeons, turkeys, sparrows and canaries—in fact, it probably occurs in most birds. Among poultry farmers

the disease it causes is known as "white diarrhoea," one of the symptoms being the fluidity of the excreta and their white colour, the latter being due to millions and millions of the cysts of the *Coccidia*. Among turkeys the disease is known as blackhead. This *Coccidium* seems to be the chief cause of disease in rype. Rype disease has been extremely rife this year and, as every sick bird is the cause of infection of others, there are grave apprehensions for next year, especially should the spring prove warm and moist. It seems almost impossible to check the spread of rype disease. In Norway the moors are untended and uncared for. There are no gamekeepers, and the matter is beyond the power of man to check.

## AN APPRECIATION OF THE .410 GUN.

There is a wonderful charm in using either lightweight rods or small-bore guns, but it is curious how sportsmen in this country fight shy of both, leaving our cousins across the water to find out their merits and appreciate them. For the beginner or elderly sportsman the typical 12-bore has very serious drawbacks, although probably nine out of ten sporting guns in use are of this bore. Of late years there has been a tendency to bring a well made .410 bore within reach of all users of the gun.

Having owned four of them, during the last twenty years, of different makes, and examined and tried others, my experience is a moderately wide one. For summer and autumn rabbiting up till the end of September they are ideal tools, and several hundred head have fallen to my gun; a head and neck shot should always be attempted, and, contrary to many users, I have found No. 5 shot far and away the most effective. The range if long cartridges are used may be extended from 30yds. to 35yds., or with the short cases, 10yds. less.

In walking up rabbits I have sometimes put up a hare, but the .410 has proved equal to even these when going fast. On two camping holidays I have relied on them for keeping the camp larder supplied, and they have not failed to do so; in fact, the only occasion I was false to my .410 was when a chance of wild duck offered, and I confess that I borrowed a 12-bore, as my own had been left at home. Frightened wood pigeons were frequently pulled down with both long and short cartridges, moorhens, and even a couple of herons that were clearing a small trout stream. This was a great surprise, even to myself, as I have sometimes had to use 10 bores and even 4 bores for these when trying to protect young trout on a fish farm.

This last August I tried out a B.S.A. .410 for a keeper's gun, as I fancied it might answer this purpose for vermin. During the fortnight I was in camp it accounted for sparrowhawk, jay, three magpies and a crow, which was a fairly representative collection, and it killed further than my little favourite double .410 that cost more than three times the price. All of this speaks well for its performance.

Some years the quality of cartridges sold for .410's has been very poor, and personally I think that remediable defects have kept the gun from becoming as popular as it would have been; but this season I find "Eley loading" leaves nothing to be desired. In conclusion, the reduced cost of shooting and the saving of weight in both gun and cartridges are such substantial advantages that those who find the 12-bore too tiring would do well to give the .410 a trial. Those who have keepers can save money on their cartridge bills by getting .410's for their general run of work, as the little guns will keep the vermin down effectually.

ERNEST A. LITTEN.

## CHILLED SHOT.

Quality of shot is not so all-important for large bores as for small. The 12-bore shoots three times as much shot as the .410, and so perfect shape and proper degree of hardness are not of so much moment as when there are but a third of the number of pellets to depend on. When patterning a full choked .410 I have found that present-day English chilled shot is not up to the pre-war standard. I obtained some chilled Belgian No. 6, and found the pellets better shaped and more even in size than English shot of the same size. The patterns confirmed the superiority of the foreign shot, being closer and more regular than those obtained with the English. On the other hand, some pre-war English chilled shot I happened to have by me was obviously better made than the present-day stuff, and gave just as good patterns as the Belgian. It is obvious that chilled shot is susceptible of much improvement. The present tendency is to increase powder charges and secure higher velocities. Unless the pellets are round when they leave the muzzle, the advantage of extra velocity is lost. Shot made of one of the following alloys would probably stand high pressures better than any now on the market: 10 per cent. tin, 10 per cent. antimony and 80 per cent. lead; 10 per cent. tin, 7 per cent. antimony, 3 per cent. copper and 80 per cent. lead. This latter is a very tough mixture, and is used in America for making bullets for smokeless powder rifles. Manufacturers of English shot would do well to pay more attention to (1) uniformity of size (2) perfect shape, (3) proper number of pellets to the ounce.

FLEUR-DE-LYS.

# GOLF IN THE RIVIERA

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

**E**DITORS are cruel creatures when they ask one to write articles about the golf courses of the Riviera without giving one the money to revisit them. Here one sits writing gloomily by electric light at 10 o'clock in the morning, and if only one could catch the train one might wake up to-morrow to a sunshiny view of palm trees and terraced hillsides and enchanted islands set in a perfumed sea.

Napoule, Valescure, Sospel—their names waken all sorts of heavenly memories of more than golf. And just because of this, because it is so delicious to play in tennis shoes and blazing sunshine, instead of squelching through mud in thick boots, Riviera golf courses are not to be written of in too critical a spirit. Some of them, viewed in the abstract, are not very good. The ground is sometimes bumpy and bare, the hazards few and unorthodox, the holes are not always of that length priggishly called "a good test of golf," the players who play in front of one are generally incompetent and slow and there are too many of them. But it gives one a heart-ache to think of even the worst of them.

Moreover, some of them were really good when I last saw them, which is, alas! some time ago now, and doubtless more are good now. The two that I should put at the top of the tree are Napoule and Sospel, the courses of Cannes and Mentone respectively. Napoule is by far the older established; indeed, the Cannes Club is, I think, some thirty years old. It is a very charming course, rather like the New Zealand course at Byfleet. There is the same fine white sand and the same narrow glades of fairway winding their way between pine trees. It is not all this sandy country. The course begins, or used to begin, with a couple of more commonplace or field-like holes, redeemed, however, by the mimosa avenue leading up to the club. Again, the last three or four holes are not peculiarly exciting. With these exceptions, however, we are in the pine-tree country and there are really good and interesting shots to be played. One of the most familiar features of golf at Napoule is the journey across the river in the ferry boat, gaily painted in the club colours of red and white, and there is a beautiful view of the Esterels, which, when the sun shines on them, look like the spiky golden mountains in the pictures in a fairy story.

The course at Sospel has one advantage over others in the Riviera. It lies high up in a mountain valley, where nightly frosts keep the turf moist and fresh. It is a wonderfully engaging place, this quiet valley, with the river Bévère running swiftly through it, and its village of many-balconied, bright coloured old houses. We may get there by a rather alarming tramway from Mentone, that hangs here and there over fearful abysses or by a road of "hair-pin" turns which, on a greasy day, are likewise apt to curdle the blood. However, it is a hundred times worth the trouble of getting there and the golf is both good and natural. There are not, as I remember it, many artificial hazards, but nature has been kind in supplying undulations and hogsbacks that are far better. There are one or two stone walls and trees and there is a dry watercourse, the old course of the Bévère, and there is the Bévère itself, but by enumerating these things I cannot begin to explain the seductions

of the course. Everything about it is charming. I can even remember the almost divine *soufflé* that I had for lunch there—can it really be nine years ago?

For beauty of view, of course, nothing can equal Mont Agel, which is the golf course of Monte Carlo and is reached by a climb in the funicular railway to La Turbie. Here we feel as if we are playing golf on the roof of the world and might, if we followed through too vigorously, fall off it. On the one side, far below us, is the great blue stretch of the Mediterranean; on the other, a glorious panorama of mountains. And the golf, if it is not great golf, is very entertaining. It was a wonderful feat to make a course there at all out of rocks and dwarf oaks, and the bunkers had to be blasted out of solid rock. I recollect in particular one thrilling short hole where one played a mashie shot on to a green far, far below and waited for the ball to drop as one waits for a stone to reach the bottom of a deep well. I also, as at Sospel, recollect a particularly admirable lunch, but to emphasise that too strongly is to be unjust to a sporting little course.

There are some rocks, too, unless my memory is libellous, at Valescure, but not, I hasten to add, too many. We get to it by a drive of three miles or so from St. Raphael, and if we want to make an excursion of it we can go back by means of a delightful woody drive to Fréjus and look at the noble Roman amphitheatre there. I remember that I wanted to play a profane mashie shot from the topmost seats into the arena, but restrained myself. But I am wandering from Valescure, which is really a most attractive course, laid out by Mr. Harry Colt and bearing indisputable marks of his genius. It has plenty of undulations, one wonderfully pretty valley, long and narrow, with tree-clad sides, and everywhere masses of lovely umbrella pines. In places the ground was still a little bare when I saw it, but I am told that is very good now.

Of a quite different type is the course of the Nice Club near Cagnes, the little old town, with something of a fortified look, that we see huddled on a hill-top near by. The Cagnes course is, it must be admitted, rather too flat for the most part, but it has groves of olive trees and the Mediterranean lazily plashing on a pebbly beach on the very edge of the course, and, most important of all from the golfing point of view, the best greens in the Riviera. In that sunburnt land it is a pleasure to putt on anything so green and so true.

Finally, a little further away, are Costebelle and Hyères (we change at Toulon if we are going there from Paris), and since they were the first golf courses on which I played in the South of France, I have the most sacred and enchanting memories of them; of the pretty silvery trees at Hyères and even of the hurdles, not ideal hazards in themselves, which stymied me from the hole; of the willow-fringed ditches at Costebelle, and of the voices of the little caddies as they cried gleefully, "In the deetch." The Costebelle course is, I believe, changed since I was there—for the better, for all I know—but I shall always have affectionate memories of it as it was. There never was so sunshiny and fragrant a day in the world as that on which I first played there, the day after a yellow fog in London.



THE NINTH HOLE AT NAPOULE.



ven  
ere  
gel,  
7 a  
as  
, if  
de,  
an ;  
olf,  
ful  
ks,  
ect  
hie  
rop  
ell.  
ch,  
ing

us,  
get  
we  
of  
an  
a  
na,  
re,  
ry  
ty  
w,  
lla  
aw

ub  
ed  
nes  
rt,  
ily  
se,  
he  
are

res  
nd  
he  
ies  
he  
me  
nd  
In  
ce  
ys  
so  
1



Engraved by J. R. Knapton

**CHILDREN PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.**  
London, Published August 5<sup>th</sup> 1788, by J. R. Knapton, N<sup>o</sup> 21, King Street Covent Garden.

Painted by J. M. Moreland.